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Buick, 1927, deluxe	325
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Buick, 1926, Master	325
Buick, 1925, deluxe	325
Buick, 1925, Master	325
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Buick, 1930, deluxe Roadster	765
Buick, 1929, deluxe Roadster	510
Buick, 1929, deluxe Phaeton	510
Buick, 1928, deluxe 121 Roadster	350
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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Sunday, December 6, 1931

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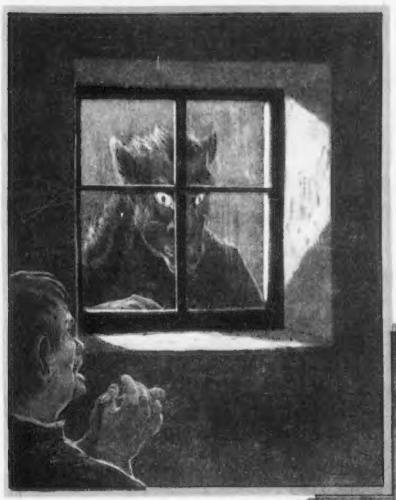
A Race of Supermen Who Perished 20,000 Years Ago?

Evidence Which Suggests There Was a Powerful and Highly Civilized People Who Understood Secrets of Nature and Science Which Were Only Recently Rediscovered by Modern Man—Where They Lived—What Destroyed Them



The History of the Celebrated "Beast of Le Gevaudan," Which Terrorized the Centre of France for Several Years and Concerning Which the Official Archives of France Present the Most Detailed Reports, Has Never Been Scientifically Explained in Spite of All Investigations, and Remains Today Surrounded by Great Mystery.

The Reports of the Inquisition Described the Witches' Sabbath as a Terrifying Affair in the Midst of a Gathering of Demoniac Figures, as It Is Shown Here. In Reality, at These Meetings a Scientific Education, Sometimes of a Very High Character, Was Given to the Sorcerers, Who, in an Age of General Ignorance, Understood Facts About Nature and the Universe Which Science Today Admits to Have Been Accurate.

The Sorceresses Whom We Are Accustomed to Represent Under the Grotesque Appearance Shown Here, Were in Reality in the Middle Ages Often Young Women of Fine Education and Much More Learned in Medicine and Science Than the Majority of Orthodox Learned Men.

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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SCIENCE, as has already been explained, is not a brand new light that was turned on for the first time in modern times. It is the relighting of an ancient flame, astonishingly and mysteriously first kindled in the prehistoric past, probably by an extinct race of people of intelligence that must have been far above the average today. The further one searches into the past the clearer and more accurate one finds the science handed down from those prehistoric scientists.

On the other hand, the nearer one gets to the present, the further he has moved from that original source of light, the dimmer and more distorted it becomes until the light goes out entirely, all but a few last glimmerings during the dark ages that came just before the dawn of modern science. But, during those dark Middle Ages, we have seen that the remaining sparks were being nursed by some of the weirdest characters in the world, the sorcerers.

The sort of woman who today is sometimes known as a fortune-teller or even a witch represents a low degree of intelligence, or to be more exact, the higher level of stupidity. The business of sorcery or magic is only a way of surprising the commonest minds by proceedings on a level with the acts of the circus.

In Europe when we think of a sorceress we picture to ourselves an old woman with a hooked nose surrounded by an owl and a stuffed crocodile, reading cards or coffee grounds, and filching the savings of a poor illiterate girl by predicting the arrival of a very rich blond young man, who will marry her—provided she gives a little more money to the old woman.

It is possible that sometimes in the Middle Ages the sorceress was not very different from this. The business was made more easy because the ignorance and credulity of her neighbors were very great. Moreover, as the profession required no diploma, everybody could start in it with no qualification except an aptitude to trick one's neighbor, and this talent has existed in all ages.

However, even in this lower class of practitioners we must take into consideration certain conditions which made their calling different in ancient times. In our days a fortune-teller risks at the most nothing worse than a warning from the police or perhaps a fine. In the Middle Ages the sorceress was burned alive, very often after tortures of incredible cruelty. To expose herself to such punishment and to refuse to follow a less dangerous calling, she must have had much confidence in the value of the science which she possessed.

We are now going to see that this science was really a profound one, considering the mental development of the period, and yet it was nothing more than the faint memory of an antique tradition of which the sorceresses and magicians had only preserved the external forms—the magic formulas and the practices of suggestion and hypnotism—while losing in great part the scientific and real substance.

We must bear in mind from this point that the supreme and almost perfect science which we shall reach at the end of our investigation was in all ages transmitted as a great secret to initiated persons. As this tradition was never written out, it was necessarily weakened when it was far from its original source. At the time we are considering now, it was reaching its end and if modern science had not revived it under a different form it would not exist today.

But the point we are considering for the moment is that sorcery, condemned and persecuted in the Middle Ages, possessed a knowledge of nature and the universe unknown to all the other sciences, resolutely preserved in defiance of torture and death through fifteen centuries of hatred and oblivion.

We have referred in the preceding chapter to the confession of Paracelsus that everything he knew he owed to the sorceresses. Many similar examples might be cited even at periods nearer to our day, beginning with that of the illustrious astronomer, Kepler, whose mother was imprisoned as a sorceress, whose aunt was burned alive as a sorceress and who, nevertheless, owes to this origin and this dangerous relationship the better part of his powerful genius.

In also owe to these sources, it must be confessed, some of the strange conceptions of his theory of creation. When he asserts that the stars are great animals, gifted with intelligence and will, attracted towards one another by mutual sympathy, he is only repeating a conception of immeasurable antiquity, for it is found at the beginning of the oldest religions. He repeats it because his dangerous instructresses taught it to him, having received it from their mysterious masters.

Who were these masters? The Grand Inquisitors did not hesitate to declare that the first of them was Satan himself. To prove this they gave a description of the witches' sabbath—the nocturnal assembly of witches and wizards—at which some of them, for example Sprenger and Del Rio, seem to have been present, for their testimony is of a specific character that could not be invented.

When we read their statements we are forced to believe that these poor fellows were honest and conscientious in their testimony and really saw the devil in person in the course of these alarming ceremonies. But they were of a very inferior intellectuality to the remarkable sorceresses whom they sent to the stake.

On most occasions the Prince of Darkness was represented by some gigantic goat or simply by a rough statue of painted wood. But even these images were not always necessary. Under cover of darkness, by the flickering light of flames—for these gatherings always took place at night in deserted places—the spectator, under the influence of emotion stimulated in advance, would end by seeing anything they wished him to see.

Indeed, of the powers which their science gave them, the one which the sorceresses used most was that of suggestion and hypnotism, in the use of which it was proved they were at least as skillful as the best of our modern psychiatrists and specialists in nervous diseases. These diseases were very common in the Middle Ages. They were produced by the general misery and the exhaustion of the race, by wars and plagues, the unbalancing of the mind by the absence of self-control and the state of perpetual fear in which people lived.

We can understand this state of mind better when we study it as it exists today among certain colored populations who have lived under similar conditions. The recent voyage which the American author, W. B. Seabrook, has made in West Africa to examine these questions illustrates what has just been said. As we cannot go deeply into this side of the question, we refer the reader to his interesting work.

As to the sorceresses of the Middle Ages, nothing is more interesting than the reports of the innumerable trials for sorcery, not only the ones which were begun by the Inquisition and which may be considered prejudiced, but those of the civil courts, directed by judges of the most unquestionable good faith, enemies of priests, prudent, learned and even skeptical. But even more impressive than the statements of the judges is the unanimous confession of the prisoners, who, knowing themselves threatened with death at the stake, admitted the facts with which they were charged, and even proudly boasted of them.

It must be admitted that many strange stories were brought to light by these trials. They were frequently repeated at periods and places widely separated, and with such precise details that we are obliged to believe that they contain a large share of truth and that the only thing lacking in the documents which record them is the reasonable and scientific explanation of the facts stated.

Among the most remarkable occurrences of this class are the many cases of lycanthropy in which men were said to have become wild beasts. The following is a specimen of these cases recorded by the Inquisitor Beguet:

"In the mountains of Auvergne one evening a hunter shot at a she-wolf. He missed the animal but the bullet cut off her paw, which he picked up. A little later he was visiting a nobleman of the vicinity who asked him if he enjoyed good hunting. In answer to this question he made a movement to take the paw of the wolf out of his pocket. But to his amazement he pulled out a human hand which were a wedding ring which the nobleman recognized as that of his wife. The nobleman immediately went to look for his wife and found her injured and concealing her forearm. Her husband found she had lost her hand. When she was questioned, the lady confessed that she was in the habit of changing herself into a wolf at night and gave many more details. When she was brought before the judges she made the same confession. She was condemned to be burned and repeated the same confession at the stake."

The phenomenon of auto-suggestion is evident in this case. We find it employed very often among the present-day magicians of Africa as well as among the hysteric persons observed by Dr. Charcot and his successors in the Paris hospitals. It is a subject too well known in psychic medicine to need further explanation.

As we cannot go at great length into these details, we will simply recall that there were innumerable cases of sorceresses who really went to the witches' sabbath and who were found in the morning at great distances from their dwellings deprived of their clothing and in a state of complete somnambulism. There were others who plunged themselves into hypnotic sleep during their trial and awoke at the moment of the verdict, declaring that they had been to the witches' sabbath while their fate was being decided.

We will cite a still more curious case which is celebrated in France, but is probably little known to our American readers. It is very interesting because it belongs to a comparatively recent time and the documents upon it which we possess are numerous and prepared with a method and care which leave no ground for doubt. The case occurred in the ancient region of France called Le Gevaudan.

In the month of July, 1764, a little girl from St. Etienne de Lugdarres, and a few days later other children from Puy-Laurent, Chayla, Arzenc, Thoris, Chaudeyrac, all villages in the same district, were found dead, terribly mutilated, killed by an unknown person or creature who had drunk their blood and torn out their hearts. No clue could be found to these crimes for a long time until a woman of Langogne, who was pasturing her cattle, saw an extraordinary animal which terrified her dogs into flight, although they were accustomed to fight with wolves. Fortunately, the flock of cattle arrayed themselves around their keeper and the beast disappeared without having attacked anybody.

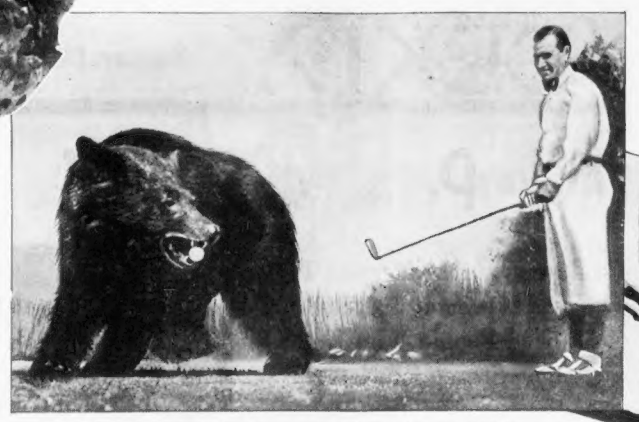
The description which the woman gave was so strange that it was thought she was under a hallucination due to fear, and people began to laugh at her. But a little while later at Rocles, Chouinets, Apcher, Pouget, St. Alban, etc., new murders similar to the first occurred. Then a brave peasant, well known for his courage, Jean Pierre Pourcher, from the village of Zuilanges, while working one evening in his barn, saw a mysterious beast go by in the road. His description corresponded exactly with that of the woman of Langogne. He fired a shot at the beast, but without producing any apparent result. Others saw the monster this time just as he did. All agreed exactly in describing it.

The "Beast," as they have always called it since then at

(Continued on Page 2)

Where Bears Play Golf and Jokes, Too

A Golf Ball as It Looks After One of the Jasper Park Bears Has Gamboled About With It. The Bears Abandon the Golf Balls After They Have Satisfied Their Curiosity About What Is Inside.



It Is Not Uncommon for the Tame Bears to Appear Suddenly on the Green and Join in the Game Without an Invitation. But the Bear's Idea of Fun Is to Steal the Ball.

So Playful Are Some of the Animals That They Do Not Wait for Golfers, but Rob the Tee-Boxes for Their Toys.

THE golfers who play around the 18-hole course in Jasper National Park, Alberta, are finding many new diversions in the old Scottish game because of several families of tame bears that have virtually taken possession of the greens. There is a certain amount of suspense about a golf game in the park, for there is no telling when it may be abruptly interrupted. The bears, it appears, have taken a sudden and general interest in golf, and a particular interest in golf balls. It is not uncommon to see a bear appear out of nowhere and even steal away the clubs.

Bears are playful creatures, much like dogs, and seem to enjoy a bit of mischief. The bear is the practical joker of the animal kingdom and cherishes a real affection for human beings once he has become tame. And in all the North American Continent there are to be found no bears tamer than the brown bears which abound in Jasper Park, roam the greens at will and haunt the tees in search of human company and golf balls.

It seems the particular delight of the younger bears, after a golfer has made a long drive, to strut calmly out of the brush, pick up the ball and carry it 200 or more yards down the fairway near the cup. Occasionally the bears will pick up a ball and carry it back, thus shortening the length of the drive.

Ground rules at Jasper Park Lodge state that a golf ball may be returned to its original lie, or left where it was dropped by the bear. In other words, the presence of the bears is conceded either a hazard or an advantage in the rules. When the bear works to the advantage of the player, all is well; but when the bear plays against a golfer, it means that the victim has two opponents—one human, the other animals—which is, as may be seen, quite a handicap.

The animals seem to enjoy the discomfiture of the players on whom they play their pranks. They refuse to confine their little jokes to the fairways. Frequently they may be found on the velvet cushions of the greens at their mischief.

Perhaps the most interested observer of the bears' activities at the course is Bobby Quinlan, a caddy, whose stories of the animals and their tricks seem a bit fall to newcomers. Bobby tells every visitor of the day a portly and affluent stock broker achieved a long cherished ambition by dropping his tee-shot down the slope at the ninth hole and fairly on to the green, 215 yards away. He was delighted with his success and hurried toward the green. Suddenly, however, he was confronted by a large brown bear. The animal had strolled majestically onto the green and sat down between the ball and the cup.

The player was eager to try for his birdie two, and he and the caddy tried in vain to persuade the bear to move. But the creature paid no attention. Then they tried to frighten the unwelcome visitor by shouting and gesturing. The bear didn't budge.

After a while, player and caddy decided to retire into the brush, hoping that eventually the bear would get up and depart of its own volition. As soon as the men had disappeared the bear did exactly as they had anticipated. Seeing that he could not annoy them further, he got up and walked away.

The men rushed to the green and prepared for the stroke, but when the putter was about to swing the bear came running over a hill and again flopped clumsily between the ball and the cup. The men tried again and again to get rid of the bear by retiring from the scene, but the bear returned each time. The player finally gave up—so, technically at least, the bear won the game.

Another bear conceded a woman player her putt with gentlemanly grace. The young woman, who seemed to have made a favorable impression on the animal, made a fine effort at a long putt. The ball curled smoothly over a rolling green to the very edge of the hole. As the woman was approaching for the final shot, the bear appeared, marched with dignity on two feet to the ball, and with a flick of his forepaw tossed it into the cup.

There is one old black bear that haunts the course, and each morning at the same time wanders straight across the first fairway to indulge in the cooling comfort of a morning shower. This bear makes excellent use of the pipeline bordering the fairway, which supplies water for the grass. The bear knows exactly how the spigot works, for he goes directly to the valve and pounds on the tap until the water spurts. When he has got it running to his satisfaction, he proceeds to move about until his entire body is drenched. This procedure occupies fifteen minutes.

When he considers that he has been properly bathed, the old bear then leans over, twists the valve with his ponderous paws, and leaves only after the water has been turned off thoroughly. Sometimes he has difficulty with the tap, and after several futile attempts to stop the water, has reluctantly departed, leaving the final chore to the keeper.

Recently, while several bears were gamboling on the first fairway, a greenkeeper picked up a heavy water hose, connected it to a long automatic sprinkler on wheels, intending to move it. To his surprise one of the younger bears picked up the hose a few feet ahead of him, and lending his weight to the task, soon had the sprinkler moving at a fast rate. The keeper remarked later that this particular bear had watched him move the sprinkler for several days before volunteering his able assistance.

The bears of Jasper Park are wild, but their contacts with tourists and golfers are so frequent, and so much food is given them, that they quickly lose their fear of the human beings and become quite friendly. They seem to realize that their antics are amusing, and they will play and engage in all sorts of pranks for such small bribes as popcorn and peanuts.

A Race of Supermen Who Perished 20,000 Years Ago?

(Continued from Front Page)

Le Gevaudan, was not a wolf or anything like it. It was of the size of a donkey with red hair, a big head somewhat like that of a pig, its jaws often open, short ears, and a long tail with a white tip. Its hind feet were shod like those of a horse. This fantastic animal frequently stood upright or sat down making various gestures with its front legs and, according to the reports, going through "little antics," for it seemed to act like a merry person and without malice.

The excitement caused by this incredible apparition had not passed away when the murders began again. In a great many villages, whose names are recorded but which we have not space to enumerate here, they saw that beast again. Its victims were very numerous during one entire Winter. It could not be doubted that the beast was the author of the murders, for many persons very narrowly escaped from it.

Among others, a group of children from the village of Chanaleilles were attacked at one time. The beast began to carry away one of them named Jean Panafieux. The oldest of the children, Andre Portefaix, bravely went to the help of the little one, followed by all his companions armed with pitchforks and knives tied to long sticks with which they tried to put out the eyes of the monster. Finally the beast abandoned the child, but half the latter's head had been torn away. In the course of the struggle another child, Jean Vevrier, was seized and carried away. The brave Andre wanted to go to his help, but his companions were terrified and did not venture to follow him.

This time the story of the extraordinary occurrence reached the Royal Palace at Versailles. The King ordered an inquiry. The results of the inquiry were that a pension from the State was ordered for Andre Portefaix—he joined the army and died as a Lieutenant of Colonial Artillery in 1783—and the dispatch of help to the inhabitants of Le Gevaudan in the form of a squadron of dragoons commanded by Captain Duhamel.

While the people were waiting the arrival of the soldiers, the beast continued its crimes. On January 15, 1765, it killed in the same manner as in other cases a child of 14, Jean Chateauneuf, from the village of Greze. The next day, while the father was mourning for the loss of his child in his own house, the beast appeared, looked in at the window and placed its feet on the window-sill. When the man cried out in alarm, the inhabitants ran up and saw the beast trotting away without haste. The late hour, with darkness falling, and the general terror enabled the beast to escape once more.

It would require many columns to relate in detail the sequel to these astonishing facts and we can only summarize them very hastily. The dragoons of Capt. Duhamel found the tracks of the beast in the snow. They drove it out of the wood on February 7. The soldiers fired five shots at it. It fell backwards with a loud howl, picked itself up again and disappeared. The next day, a few feet away, they found the body of a little girl of 14 with her head torn off by the teeth of an animal.

There was no further trace of the monster until the beginning of March. It was believed that it was seriously wounded and could not move about. But on March 4, the murders began again. The hunt for it was renewed and they killed a number of wolves, but the great beast only showed its presence by murders or by sudden appearances in which it appeared to mock at its pursuers. From a distance they saw it sit down, make motions with its forelegs and then disappear. Nearly always its victims had their hearts torn out and were completely drained of blood.

For long years Le Gevaudan was in the grip of the terror inspired by this enigmatic monster. There is not a parish in all this unhappy region in which there cannot be found in the registers several entries of the following character:

"Burial of the body of X, killed by the ferocious beast."

As naturally sorcery seemed to be mixed with all this, and as public opinion was becoming stirred even abroad, and more urgent petitions were being sent to King Louis XV, the latter gave peremptory orders to bring this terrible chapter of events to an end and to give assurance to the country in some way.

Following these orders, the King's gun-bearer, Antoine, an important official of His Majesty's household, started for a region in Auvergne where the strange beast had not been seen, but where wolves were numerous. There he killed an enormous wolf, declared that it was "the great beast," caused it to be stuffed and exhibited it in public. But this diversion did not stop the murders in Le Gevaudan. From the beginning of January, they began to occur nearly every day. Almost every day the strange beast was seen passing through the villages like a phantom, looking into windows and at times placing its feet on the window-sill.

It was only on June 19, 1767, that this tragic chapter came to an end. It might seem like a fairy tale of the Middle Ages, if it were not confirmed by thousands of reliable witnesses and by reports preserved in the archives of the country. At last on this day an immense hunt was organized by the Marquis d'Apcher with formidable forces.

While the hunters penetrated into the forest, where the beast had taken refuge, one of them, an old man named Jean Chastel, of Darmes, well-known for his courage and piety, who had gone away from the others to read his prayer book, saw the monster coming towards him. Convinced that it was a matter of sorcery, he had taken certain precautions, precautions at which we laugh today, but which worked strongly on the convictions of the brave man and enabled him to understand the enigmas which we are incapable of explaining. Very calmly he closed his book, took off his spectacles and raised his musket. The beast still came towards him. He fired. At the second shot it fell down. It was dead!

The companions of Chastel ran up from all directions. This time agreement was unanimous. They were certain it was the great beast. The people said it was not a wolf. Its feet, its ears, its monstrous size, proved this.

The beast was paraded in triumph through the whole country, then packed up in a case and addressed to Versailles. But such journeys were slow at that period. It required two or three weeks to complete the journey. Under the influence of the heat of Summer, the body rapidly decayed, and long before the journey could be completed it was in a complete state of putrefaction. It was impossible to send it on to the King. They therefore buried the body of the mysterious creature.

There was no scientist or naturalist among those escorting the body and nobody can tell us, and perhaps nobody will ever be able to tell us, what the beast of Le Gevaudan really was.

The only memorial that remains today of this strange occurrence, outside the numerous court records, is an open space which the peasants show at the Sogne d'Auvert, the place where the beast was killed and where they say the grass grows red and is never cropped by any animal. The weapon carried by the man who killed the beast is a double-barreled gun with carved butt, bearing a silver plate marked with the name of Jean Chastel. This gun is at present the property of the Abbe Pourcher, cure of Saint-Martin de Boubaux, author of a very interesting and copious volume on the history of the beast of Le Gevaudan. From this work, which is admirably fortified by documents, we have taken most of the details cited here.

What really happened? Like most records of those careless, unscientific days, the documents leave us helpless if considered all by themselves. But by comparing them with other cases one may make a fairly shrewd guess. To begin with, these sturdy peasants had their dogs, and a whole countryside would not have remained in terror very long on account of any native animal such as a wolf, even if it had been abnormally big and fierce.

It is not the habit of man to remain a coward and fool long in the face of anything but what he considers the supernatural. With club and flint the caveman conquered the monster cave bear and saber-toothed tiger, though in the middle ages he had fits over a harmless comet. A sorcerer supplied the supernatural element. Did he create some animal monster by breeding two species that man today cannot cross? Such was one of the theories at the time, but undoubtedly wrong.

We know from other cases that these sorcerers, living outlaw lives in the wilderness, frequently caught young wolves and other animals and trained them. It is not surprising also to learn that some of these magicians were insane, and here there is evidence of the sadistic form of insanity which delights in mutilating human beings. It would seem that the sorcerer himself hid in the woods, directing his wolf to dash in and carry off a child and calling him off when danger threatened. This would sufficiently terrify the children, but in addition he had an animal suit in which he dressed up on occasions when he sat on his haunches, waved his front legs and did other acts "supernatural" for an animal.

It would perhaps not be far from the truth to guess that what was really shot was the mad sorcerer himself, possibly dressed up in his animal disguise. Quite likely Chastel and some of the officials saw that the dead monster was a man. The shrewd leader of the King's men would think it best to fix up a synthetic beast, ride him around in a cart guarded by soldiers, who would not let the populace get too close and conveniently bury the fake on the way to Paris, where no doubt they made a confidential report to His Majesty. The fact that the epidemic of appearances and killings ceased would indicate that they made no mistake.

But to return to our general investigation, we must seek more scientific data, that is to say, find more direct evidences of the science of nature possessed by magicians and sorceresses from which they obtained such dangerous powers.

We shall find them in facts, which, instead of leaving us in a state of mystery due to the inexplicable, will show us striking proofs confirmed by the most brilliant discoveries of modern science.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

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At the Most Recent Hairdressing Exhibition in Paris, the Return of Elaborate Hair Ornaments Was Predicted. Among the Interesting Examples of Voguish Headgear Was a Crystal Creation, Which Radiated Myriads of Colors Under Strong Light. The Ornament Which Captured the Fancy of Many Stylists Is Shown on a Wax Model in the Photograph Above.

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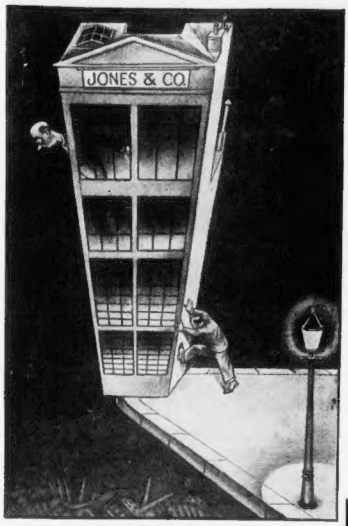
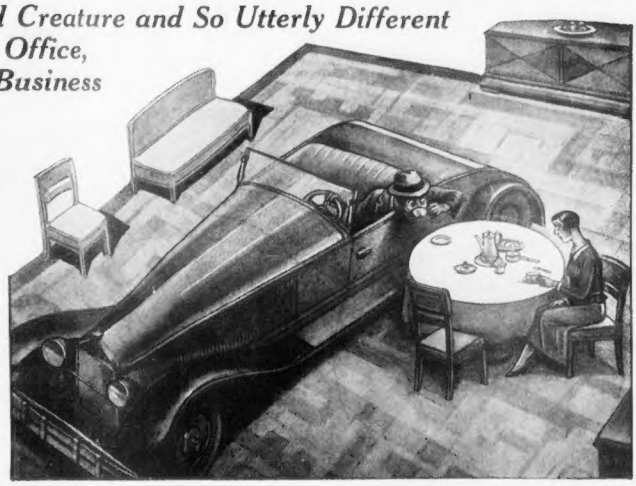
How a Man Looks to His Wife, His Child and Other People

Such a Many-Sided Creature and So Utterly Different in His Home, His Office, His Club or to His Business Rivals and Even Himself That Probably No Human Being Really Knows Anybody



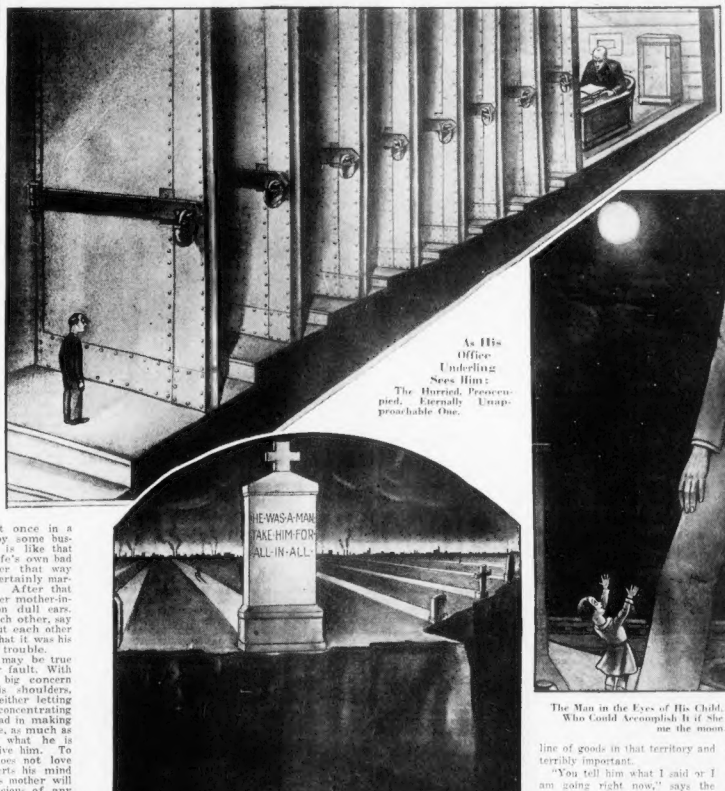
The Man in the Eyes of His Competitors. Perhaps Quite Unfairly One of Them Says: "The Scoundrel Is Pushing Me to the Verge of Ruin."



As His Wife Sees Him—

She Knows Him Only as a Man in a Hurry:

He Wakes Up in the Morning. Takes His Bath, Shaves and Dresses, Like an Automaton. His Mind Is Busy Trying to Work Out in Advance Some of the Problems He Knows Are Awaiting Him When He Gets to the Office. He Eats His Breakfast in a Mechanical Way, His Mind Diverted for a Moment by the Front Page of the Newspaper. Then, With a Faraway Look in His Eyes as if He Was Already Reading the Correspondence His Secretary Has Laid on His Desk, He Bids His Wife Good-bye and Is Gone. Would It Not Perhaps Be Possible to Arrange a Runway From the Garage Into the Dining Room So Her Husband Might Snatch a Cup of Coffee From the Breakfast Table on His Way Downtown?



As His Office Underling Sees Him:

The Hurried, Preoccupied, Eternally Unapproachable One.

His Tombstone:

"He was a man, take him for all in all . . . ."—Hamlet, Act. I., Scene 2.

The Man in the Eyes of His Child, a Giant Among Heroes Who Could Accomplish It if She Said: "Father, give me the moon."

WHEN Madame Cornuel said: "No man is a hero to his valet," she expressed a great truth and a fact of great psychological significance. Of course, the idea Madame Cornuel had in mind was that the glamour surrounding a man of importance and supposedly great wisdom faded under the intimate acquaintanceship of a servant who constantly observed the "great man" when he was off his guard and displayed his human weaknesses and many stupidities, very much like any ordinary man.

But scientists now conclude that no man really entirely knows himself. The human being is a many sided creature. His wife sees one side of him, his child sees him from a very different standpoint, his business partner knows still another side of him, while the office employes see him quite differently, and his fellow club members, when the day's strain is over, may see in him a man who would never be recognized by his own wife or his office assistants.

A mother is supposed to know her son better than does anyone else, and probably this is true while he is a baby. But, as he grows old enough to go to school and his mother and the teacher have a talk, both ladies are usually a bit pained that an intelligent woman could miss certain obvious features in a boy's character. Yet both are right. The boy is one personality at home and another when he faces his teacher.

He has been suddenly remodeled by a brand new and powerful society, the gang of boys at school, with new standards, morals and patterns of behavior. It is impossible to remodel his mother and too much trouble to explain the new person that he has become. The easiest way is to leave that new personality, like an overcoat, in the front hall when he comes home and thus appear to his parents in what they consider a normal mental condition. This putting on and off of a character, like an actor playing two small parts in the same show, becomes as natural as taking off his hat in the house.

But the great discrepancy comes when he marries and the two women who have made it their business to know him best compare notes. A wife and her mother-in-law are often so far apart in their opinion of him they get an irritated feeling as if they were discussing two different men, which is perhaps why wives and mothers-in-laws do not get along well together. Yet each may be accurate enough, basing her opinion on observed facts, only each has observed a different set of facts.

John's mother remembers him as an easy-going, good-natured boy who never took life quite as seriously as she had wished. His father had feared that he would never amount to much for that reason. He was rather soft and obliging, which pleased his mother, except that it let others take advantage of him. Then he went to college and to war and in the intervals while he was at home his mother saw no change.

Next he married and just then his father died leaving him suddenly in charge of the business. Still no visible change except that, with wife and business, the mother saw little of her busy son.

Then, one day comes a shock. The mother calls on her daughter-in-law, a nice sensible girl whom she approves, and finds her in tears. The mother urges John's wife to tell her what is wrong and she does. What is this impossible picture the younger woman draws of that happy-go-lucky, irresponsible son of hers—just a man in a chronic hurry!

According to the tearful wife, he wakes up in the morning, takes his bath, shaves and dresses, like an automaton. His mind is busy trying to work out in advance some of the problems he knows are awaiting him when he gets to the office. He eats his breakfast in a mechanical way, his mind diverted for a moment by the front page of the newspaper. Then, with a faraway look in his eyes, as if he were already reading the correspondence his secretary has laid on his desk, he bids his wife good-bye and is gone.

Would it perhaps be possible to arrange a runway from the garage into the dining room so her husband might snatch a cup of coffee from the breakfast table on his way downstairs? the wife wonders.

The mother promptly loses all her sympathy for a woman who can so misrepresent her boy. Possibly he might be preoccupied like that once in a while when confronted by some business crisis. But if he is like that usually it must be the wife's own bad influence. He was never that way before. Poor John has certainly married the wrong woman. After that the wife's complaint to her mother-in-law are likely to fall on dull ears. The two women dislike each other, say mean things to John about each other and John never suspects that it was his behavior that started the trouble.

Yet the wife's picture may be true enough and it is not her fault. With the responsibility for a big concern suddenly thrown on his shoulders, John had the choice of either letting it go on the rocks or of concentrating every bit of energy he had in making it a success. For his wife, as much as any reason, he became what he is and she will never forgive him. To her it means that he does not love her any longer and diverts his mind with other thoughts. His mother will go to her grave, unconscious of any change and convinced that her boy has married a liar.

One of his old boyhood and college chums is in town, meets his mother, who knows him well enough to repeat that outrageous description she has heard. The chum laughs. He knows a side that neither of the women would recognize, but the mother's notion of her son fits into his own picture of the youth, while the wife's is absurd.

He calls John's office and the same old hearty voice invites him to come right over and he will knock off for the afternoon. That does not sound like a human automaton, that knows nothing but work. John's wife must be crazy.

But, at the office, the chum runs into an unexpected atmosphere. He swaggers in with the idea of shouting: "Hello, you old horse-thief!" but in the outer reception room he is confronted by a man whose expression registers that it is almost impossible to see Mr. John. At the sight of the chum's card, the guardian's face lights with admiration.

"Oh, yes. Mr. John is expecting you. You are an old friend. I will announce you."

The chum is amused. At college he used to kick John's door in and pull him out of bed at any hour of the night. The guardian returns with a message. Mr. John is in an unexpected and very important conference. Will he please wait a few moments? It is a long few minutes but he is seated in a special waiting room where he won't have to mingle with salesmen, charitable organizations, collectors and other unwelcome visitors. The guardian evidently thinks it a great honor to have known John in college and diffidently tries to make the chum's acquaintance. Finally, the man requests the chum, since he's such an old friend of the boss, to ask a favor for him.

"Why not ask him yourself?" answers the chum.

"Oh, oh! I couldn't do that," protests the guardian. This underling sees his boss fifty time a day, speaks to him, but his business is to carry messages, like a telephone. To approach him on his own personal account would seem as out of place as for a private soldier to have stepped out of ranks and ask General Pershing for promotion.

Gradually the chum gets this man's mental picture of John, hurried, preoccupied, quite as the wife sees him, and eternally unapproachable. Those eight thin, partition doors between the inner and the outer office are to him eight padlocked gates of steel. This is ridiculous to the chum who remembers John as the most democratic and approachable man in the class. This fellow must be a fool. How do people get that way?

To open the guardian's eyes to his folly, the chum orders him to tell the boss that he cannot wait any longer. The guardian is troubled. He can't disturb the boss. It is a conference of the leading manufacturers of that line of goods in that territory and terribly important.

"You tell him what I said or I am going right now," says the chum, reaching for his hat. At that threat the guardian disappears and returns with the promise that the boss will see him in five minutes. Soon the men begin passing through from that conference. One of them is Bill Jones, whom the chum knows. Bill is visibly agitated and as he sees the chum pounces on him.

"You are going to spend the evening with John," he whispers. "For Heaven's sake use your influence with him. He is deliberately selling below my cost of production, pushing my business right to the verge of ruin. There is no use appealing to his heart because he hasn't any. Tell him it is bad business to ruin a friendly competitor."

"Nonsense!" replies the chum. "He would not hurt a fly. He was the softest-hearted boob in college and you know it."

Here was the craziest picture of all, but Bill is so earnest that the chum promises to ask about it. The guardian now leads him through the eight doors and all misgivings vanish at once. It is the same old John, hair getting a little thin but the old grin. They crush each other's hands and gleefully call each other insulting names and then John has to dictate just one more letter. He looks at the clock.

"Can't get these all off tonight, can you Miss Meeks?"

"I certainly can," she answers in a tone of admiration. The chum realizes that the secretary looks upon his friend as a hero, an Atlas who carries the responsibilities of the whole factory on his back. For his sake it will be a pleasure to work a couple of hours overtime. This is another picture.

Here and the guardian's are enough like that of the wife to make it a wonder, but only for a moment. He hears John telephone his wife that he can't be home to dinner, a very important, unexpected engagement. Just as they are leaving Miss Meeks remarks:

"Oh, Mr. John, I re-asked on the florist to send two dozen American Beauties as usual."

"Thanks," says John, without half hearing and they are off. John shows the chum around town. They make a night of it and the big business man never mentions business except when his friend takes it up.

"Bill says you are deliberately ruining him. If you would raise your prices two cents they could all live."

"Rats!" says John. "If we raise it one cent we won't sell anything. Bill must cut his costs."

The chum leaves town convinced that the mother is right and the wife an idiot. John has not changed an atom. Next day John comes home unexpectedly for lunch to find his wife happily humming as she places American Beauty roses in a vase.

"Who sent those flowers?" he asks, trying to hide the note of suspicion. His wife utters a moan and locks herself, weeping, in her room. He finds his own card in the florist's box, remembers that Miss Meeks said something about roses and then recollects that it is their wedding anniversary. He does not mention the incident to his mother.

Yet he never forgets to bring something home for his little daughter. To her he is the giant among heroes and she confidently asks him for the moon.

Wishing to be more than fair his wife permits on his tombstone the following, from Hamlet:

"He was a man, take him for all in all."

His own honest opinion of himself would be that he was a man who had to bury many ideals and desires of earlier days and found himself ceaselessly chained to his work, a slave who must keep a factory chimney forever smoking, that hundreds may have jobs and millions buy gadgets at a price they can afford.

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Science Traces New Disease To the Vampire Bat

The South American Vampire Bat, Which Lives on the Blood of Animals and Man, and Which Can Attack a Sleeping Victim Without Awakening Him.

This Drawing of the Head of a Vampire Bat Shows the Dreadful Incisors, Which Inflict the Wounds on Its Victims, With Subsequent Infection.

An Unusual Photograph of Bats Sleeping. The Creatures Hang by Their Feet to Rest.

DURING the epidemic of infantile paralysis which recently spread over certain sections of this country, doctors on the British island of Trinidad, off the coast of South America, were alarmed and mystified by the outbreak of a similar malady which maimed and killed more than a hundred victims.

Most of the unfortunate victims of this disease lived in the rural sections of the island where blood-sucking vampire bats are common and a pest that makes frequent attacks not only on human beings but on animals as well. After tracing many clues, the doctors decided that the bats were responsible for the spread of the strange epidemic.

Just what the disease is remains to be found out, but the germ which causes it works chiefly on the nervous system just as the germ of infantile paralysis does. Almost every sufferer from the illness who did not die was left a pitiful and permanent victim of some form of paralysis.

In certain respects the symptoms of the malady resembled the symptoms of botulism, a disease caused by a germ which lives in spoiled food and which generates a poison believed to be the most potent and deadly poison on earth. Scientists who have analyzed this dangerous substance say that one teaspoonful of the stuff has the power to kill every human being in the world.

It may be that the blood-sucking bats of Trinidad are carrying around some such deadly poison which they are spreading among human beings and animals by their nocturnal attacks. Several of the vampires have been captured and are being subjected to laboratory study to learn whether the same poison found in the blood of sufferers is also to be found in them.

The true vampire bat is found nowhere except in South America and in certain parts of the continent, including the island of Trinidad, it is a numerous and dreaded scourge. Scientists believe that the bite of the creature is not, in itself, deadly, but they know that the three-cornered wound which the sharp teeth of the bat make is easily infected and that many a victim of the bat's bite has died from blood poisoning.

A vampire bat is relentless in its lust for blood, either human or animal, and seeks its victims only at night. It usually flies in flocks. When a flock of the blood-suckers locates its prey, such as a cow, they circle over the victim and drop suddenly and noiselessly upon it. The moment they strike they fasten their sharp teeth into the flesh and begin to bite and suck. Their teeth make an unpleasant, grating sound while they are at their painful and weakening work.

Public health officials on the island of Trinidad believe that they can control the present epidemic if the inhabitants of the rural districts, where the disease is rampant, will cooperate with them. The officials have suggested that everyone in these areas stay indoors after twilight and remain there until daylight, and that they screen their windows and porches so that the blood-sucking pests cannot get at their human prey. They also have recommended organized warfare against the bats with a Government bounty for every vampire destroyed.

The Perfect Norwegian?

Baroness Ullring, Who Is Said to Possess Every Feature for Which Norwegian Beauties Are Famous.

BARONESS ULLRING of Norway never has exhibited her unusual charms in a beauty contest and never will, yet she is known all over Europe as the "perfect Norwegian."

A famous artist, who recently painted a life-size portrait of the noblewoman remarked to a newspaper reporter that the subject of his canvas is the classic ideal of Norwegian femininity, and the reporter condensed the tribute to the phrase "the perfect Norwegian."

The artist's tribute has stuck to the baroness, and wherever she rides through the streets in her automobile or goes into a store to shop, people whisper: "There's the perfect Norwegian. Isn't she beautiful?" Other artists and sculptors began to laud her Scandinavian perfection and to analyze her charms for newspaper stories and magazine articles.

The Baroness, they say, is everything that a Norwegian woman should be. Her hair is golden blonde, her eyes are sea-blue and large in relation to the dimensions of her face, which is oval. Her complexion is pink-and-white and unusually clear. Her mouth they describe as at once patrician and warm. In other words it is the mouth of a blue-blood with something of the naive charm of the lips of a comely peasant maid. Her shoulders are broad but entirely feminine and her body is as symmetrical as her face is beautiful.

At first the Baroness did not welcome the attention and popularity which came to her as "the perfect Norwegian" but she is getting used to the spotlight and playing her role very gracefully.

The Baroness has, since her unofficial coronation as Norway's feminine ideal, refused many offers to pose for famous artists and sculptors and to star in the movies. She insists that she has no ambitions to appear either on the stage or before the camera.

"Funerals" for Broken Dolls

ONE of the most picturesque and unusual ceremonies held in the Orient is the Buddhist burial service for broken dolls solemnly celebrated once a year in the yard of Teikoku Primary School, which is in a suburb of Tokyo.

The rites are not a burlesque; they are carried out as seriously as a memorial service for the human dead. Two Buddhist priests dressed in the colorful robes of their sect conduct the service and chant the "sutra"—a prayer for the repose of the souls of dead dolls—while a sober gathering of several hundred pupils, parents and friends looks on.

At the beginning of the ceremonial the priests and school children march in a solemn procession to an open grave. The children chant a doleful, dirge-like hymn called the Song of Dolls. The words of the song express their deep affection for their inanimate playmates and their grief because the dolls are so worn-out that they can no longer live on earth. What might be called the chorus of the song is a plea to Buddha to make the dolls whole and happy in the Spirit Land.

The procession stops before a stone marked simply "Grave of Dolls" about which are hundreds of dolls laid to rest on the spot in other years. Near the stone is an open grave beside which is a small altar. Laid on this altar is a basket holding the dolls which have outlived their earthly usefulness.

Several of the older girls of the school play the roles of pall bearers. They lower the basket of broken dolls into the grave while the priests busy themselves at burning incense, striking gongs and uttering incantations in a monotonous voice.

When the casket has been covered with earth, the children gather around the new-made grave and heap it with flowers and with offerings of cake and fruit. For days after the ceremony the slant-eyed youngsters forsake their usual happy games until they are sure that their departed doll-friends are safely in the arms of Buddha.

Why This Book Is Worth $1,000,000—First Book Ever Printed, and a Bible

A FEW weeks ago two members of the staff of the Library of Congress alighted from an automobile with two armed guards and hurried into a side door of the famous repository of books with a small wooden box. Curious passers-by wondered why such precautions were being taken over what probably was just another book or two.

They didn't know, however, and the world didn't know until the contents of the box were safely housed in the library that the little package was the famous Gutenberg Bible, the first Bible and the first book ever printed and the most valuable volume in the world. It was printed in 1465 and was being read nearly 30 years before Columbus discovered America.

By authority of Congress the United States Government recently bought this treasure, along with a few other old volumes, and paid one million dollars for it. If this seems, to the average person, to be an absurd sum to pay for one musty old book, it must be remembered that it has immense historical and literary value and that, like a fine violin, its value will mount with the passing years. Bibliophiles the world over believe that the United States Government acquired the treasure cheaply at $1,000,000.

More than four and a half centuries ago when the book, bound in three parts, was fresh off Gutenberg's press it was bought by the Benedictine monastery at St. Blasius, in the Black Forest of Germany. It stayed there for more than 300 years and then was transferred to the monastery of St. Paul in the mountains of Austria.

The extreme depression following the World War impoverished the monks at the Austrian monastery and, on the verge of the starvation, they sold their precious treasure, the Gutenberg Bible, to Dr. Otto H. L. Vollbehr, a famous scholar and book collector, for $300,000.

Recently Dr. Vollbehr found himself in dire financial difficulties and he decided to meet the emergency by selling his entire library of rare and ancient books, including the Gutenberg Bible. Scholars all over the world were agreed that the doctor's library was worth $3,000,000, but he was induced to part with his precious books for half that sum. The first printed Bible and book represented a million dollars of this amount. Negotiations with the United States Government ended in the acquisition of the Bible and many other literary treasures for the Library of Congress.

Dr. Putnam,, the Librarian of Congress, met Dr. Vollbehr at the monastery of St. Paul, where the Gutenberg Bible was kept. The book was transferred to the American Legation at Vienna, where its three parts were fitted with water-tight metal cases and packed in a wooden box. A special courier took the box to Paris and it was delivered to Dr. Putnam on a steamship bound for America. It was then taken under guard from New York to Washington.

So Exercised Was the World When Gutenberg Established a Printing Shop That He Was Accused of Being in League With Satan. The Devil Is Shown in This Old Print, by Adolf Oberlaender, Helping With the Press.

The Three Volumes of the Gutenberg Bible, Printed in 1465, and Now in the Library of Congress at Washington.

The Invention of Printing, a Painting by C. Reichert, Showing Gutenberg Reading the First Sheet From His Press.

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"Heaven Has No Rage Like Love to Hatred Turned"

Miss Muriel Advances Harry $5,000 Because She Trusted Him as the Man She Thought She Was Going to Marry—But Finds She Has Financed His Marriage With Edith; So She Drags Him Back From His Honeymoon, a Prisoner, Charged With Misusing the Money

Miss Muriel Stern, With Compressed Lips and Determined Face She Wore When Swearing to Her Complaint Against the Man She Had Loved, and Demanding That He Be Arrested and Brought Back From His Honeymoon in California to Face Punishment for Misusing the Money She Had Entrusted to Him. And Muriel's Happy Smile When She Loved Young Hillman and Looked Forward to Being a Happy Bride.

Young Hillman, Clasping the Hands of His Bride While She Caresses His Arm as He Sits in Court in New York, a Prisoner, to Answer the Complaint of Muriel Stern.

The Happy Face of Edith Grant, as She Began Her Honeymoon as the Bride of Henry H. Hillman. And the Worn, Worried and Shrunken Cheeks of Edith as She Reached New York the Other Day After Accompanying Her Husband Back to Face Perhaps a Prison Sentence.

Henry H. Hillman, Nervously Smoking a Cigarette in the Court Corridor as He Awaits the Fixing of His Bail on the Charge of Embezzlement.

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned."

WHEN the poet, William Congreve, wrote those famous lines he was stating a profound truth which ought to be taught to every little boy in school.

Henry H. Hillman, son of wealthy Frank Hillman, owner of the Hotel Bancroft and other New York City real estate, managed to go through school and graduate from New York University in apparent ignorance of that basic law of feminine behavior.

Now, at the age of 24, he has learned it by being snatched from his happy honeymoon in California and clapped into jail in New York by the scorned and infuriated Miss Muriel Stern. Muriel's love to hatred turned when she discovered that the $5,000 she had handed Henry in the fond hopes that with it he was going to get a substantial job so they could be married had been used to finance a honeymoon with another woman. What good is a college psychology course if it doesn't teach a youth not to make a mistake like that?

Henry's father, who is a self-made man with not much schooling, is so disgusted at the ignorance of his educated son that instead of bailing him out, he let him stay behind the bars "and maybe learn something." Finally a professional bondsman put up his $3,000 bail.

The charge is that Henry obtained the $5,000 under false pretences, which would be grand larceny. The accused says he is not guilty and the whole question is just what he told Muriel when she confidingly placed in his hand that check reading five thousand dollars and no cents. If it is true, as Muriel states, that she let him have it on his promise to buy himself an interest in a business so they could be married right away and then he turned around and married another girl on the money, anyone would admit that it was about the worst kind of misrepresentation imaginable. Any other thing would have been less heinous. If he had tossed her money away in a speakeasy or gambled it away or even burned it up, such things as loving maiden might forgive, but to honeymoon on it with a rival would turn any woman's heart to stone.

Muriel met Henry early in 1931 when he was clerk and agent in his father's hotel, but yearning for bigger and better adventures. They were introduced by Henry's sister, Sadie, whom she had known a long time. That he was attentive there seems little doubt, and Muriel states that though there had been no formal announcement, both families considered them engaged to be married. Henry claims that if there was any serious talk on that subject it was mostly by Muriel, not by himself.

However, Muriel will testify that Henry's mother had practically set the day for the wedding bells for June 15, by saying that after that date the Hillman family would move into a smaller apartment because theirs would be too big "after you and Henry are married."

Shortly after the two became affectionate friends Henry gave up clerking and went into the radio business in order to get ahead faster, borrowing some money from his father for the purpose. But he did not prosper. Henry soon informed Muriel that there was no longer any money in the radio business except just before a big heavyweight prize fight. He had a chance to sell out but it would be at a loss of $600 and his father would not stand for that. What was he to do?

Sympathetic Muriel, having inherited a little nest egg, loaned him the needful $600, to appease Papa Hillman, and the youth was free to rise in the world. This was a strictly business proposition and while she never got a cent of it back, Muriel did not put him in jail for that. However, as the weeks passed without his doing any work, the young lady was moved to ask him about this prolonged idleness. Henry replied, she says, more in sorrow than in anger:

"Can't you see that I am keeping my eyes open for something good?"

Presently that something good turned up in the form of a joint offer to Henry and his brother, Arthur, to buy an interest in the Paramount Poultry Co. of Philadelphia for a mere $50,000 cash. Both boys were all steamed up over it and so was Muriel. They used up a lot of the hotel stationery figuring up how many eggs each chicken would lay and how much they would bring as broilers. It was clear that in a year or two they would be richer than anyone really ought to be. They must raise the money before the company changed its mind and gave the opportunity to someone else.

The three laid the figures before Hillman senior, but that gentleman was not dazzled at all. He had been in the poultry business himself and brushing the papers aside remarked:

"Bah! The pip and roup kill half your chickens and there is no profit in what's left. The poultry business is the only thing that is worse than real estate."

Arthur has a wealthy mother-in-law, so the three laid the proposition before her. The lady was quite sold on the idea, but unfortunately her wealth had been left under the control of certain bankers who, by a curious coincidence, held the same ideas about poultry-raising as those of the elder Hillman. At this point Arthur gave up hope of being a chicken magnate, but Henry kept right on and finally got a proposition from the poultry company by which, if he would invest $10,000 in its stock, he would be given a good salary as one of its officers.

With this he came back again at his enthusiastic sweetheart and his pessimistic father. This is Muriel's account of what happened, and she further explains how she says she came to give Hillman the money.

Muriel was to give Henry her check for $5,000. In return, he was to deliver into her hands, $5,000 worth of stock in the Paramount Poultry Co. With the stock in her possession, she was then to lend him an additional $2,000, Henry's father had already agreed to advance him $3,000. The five, the two, and the three made up the necessary ten thousand dollars.

On May 4 Muriel gave Henry the fatal check for $5,000. There is no dispute about that. Then came a long and ominous silence until May 25. Whenever she telephoned the Hillman apartment she was always to learn that Henry was in Philadelphia on business. Finally, just as she was becoming alarmed, her beloved's voice sounded on the telephone. He was so full of business and excitement that he forgot to speak those sweet, flattering nothings that a man should always remember, after being away for several weeks. The important thing was how soon could he have that other $2,000.

"Tomorrow? Fine! I'll meet you in front of the Woolworth Building at 2 P. M."

By the time he had hung up she realized that it was not a very romantic place for a meeting and two o'clock was too late to invite her to lunch. Why, that was mean; almost an insult. However, the next morning she made out the check and had no doubts about giving it to him. Then Henry's sister, Sadie, telephoned to know if she had given him the $2,000. Learning that the money had not yet passed, she said, according to Muriel:

"Then don't give it to him."

"Why not?" asked Muriel.

"Never mind why, but just don't do it." And with that mysterious advice Sadie hung up. In spite of the warning Muriel brought the check with her to her tryst, but carefully hidden in her dress and with the resolve to be a bit cautious.

Henry was waiting and advanced eagerly. Perhaps something in the girl's expression warned him; at any rate, this time he remembered to tell her how much he had missed her and all that. But he raced through the speech like a child saying its prayers, and quickly got down to business—that $2,000.

Muriel explained that there had been an unavoidable delay, that she could get it in a day or two probably, but that in the meantime she would like to have him give her the certificates for the $5,000 worth of stock in the Paramount Poultry Co. He suggested that she was refusing him the money merely in order to humiliate him.

"What do you suppose the president of the company will think?" Muriel quotes him as saying. "Here I've told him I'd pay him the money and now I've got to tell him I haven't got it."

Thinking of Sadie Hillman's warning, Muriel replied:

"How do I know you're going through with this thing? For all I know, you may decide to throw it over at the last minute and take a trip or something—on my money."

Henry smiled sourly. "Well," he said, "you'd come after me, wouldn't you?"

"I certainly would not," said Muriel.

"What would you do?" he is said to have asked.

"The law takes care of people who do things like that," she said. "I'd let the police bring you back."

"I can see you. You'd cry your eyes out, then you'd come after me."

However, in the end he assured her of the safety of her five thousand dollars and promised to bring the stock around to her house on the following day, Muriel says. He was going down to Philadelphia that afternoon to get it.

"All right," said Muriel. "When you bring the stock I'll give you the rest of the money."

Henry, through his attorney, I. Cyrus Gordon of New York, denies that any such conversation occurred. He maintains that the money was loaned to him, merely as one friend to another, just as he would gladly lend anyone $5,000, only he never happens to have any to lend. He denies that the money had any relation to any poultry deal.

Not hearing from Henry all the next day, Muriel telephoned the apartment in the evening and asked Mr. Hillman why his son had not brought the stock to her. The old gentleman replied in an agitated voice:

"Muriel, I am sorry. I am eating my dinner and can't be bothered with such things now. Call me later."

Mr. Hillman owes his excellent digestion to the habit of never letting anything but a fire disturb his complacency at meal time. An hour later, after he had done justice to his dinner, he called Muriel's father and said just this and nothing more:

"Henry has run off with a girl from the hotel. That's all I know and I can't do anything about it."

Right there Muriel's "love to hatred turned," as the poet puts it. Turning detective, the woman scorned followed the only clue she had, the hotel. Its clerk informed her that the only woman who had checked out recently was a Miss Edith Lee Grant, whose roommate, Miss Dorothy Alcorn, was still there.

Muriel was a smart little fury and approached Miss Alcorn on the telephone with a yarn that she was Miss Grant's dressmaker with two dresses to forward to an address which she understood Miss Alcorn was to furnish. Dorothy was surprised and could only say that she had received a post card from the bride mentioning that the pair were having a lovely honeymoon on the way to her mother's home in Los Angeles.

With this information Muriel went to the New York police who inspired the Los Angeles police to intrude on Henry's happiness. That young man did everything he could to resist extradition proceedings and finally sent the following telegram to Muriel:

"Re my indebtedness of five thousand dollars to you. Am unable to pay said amount in full at this time but hereby offer to pay as follows one thousand dollars on or before October fifth next, five hundred dollars every three months thereafter until remaining balance is paid. Will pay interest compounded semi-annually and additionally offer to pay all reasonable costs and expenses to which you have been put in this matter."

But Muriel's heart had become like that of Pharaoh in the Bible, and this was Miss Stern's stern answer:

"When we made complaint to the District Attorney we decided to prosecute fully according to the law. Restitution does not interest us at this time. We assured the District Attorney and police before all the expense was incurred by N. Y. County that we would prosecute."

So Henry and his bride were dragged mournfully back to face the loving maiden whose "love to hatred turned." The main exhibit in Henry's defense will probably be an undated letter from Muriel stating that he may do as he pleases with the money. Muriel's answer is that it applied to that first $600 loan and not to the later $5,000.

While Henry waits for his trial, he knows that the poet was right about a woman scorned, but whoever said: "All's fair in love and war," didn't know what he was talking about.

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THE SMOOTHNESS OF AN EIGHT · THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR

NEW PLYMOUTH

FLOATING POWER *and* FREE WHEELING

New Plymouth Sedan (2-door), $575

$535

AND UP - F.O.B. FACTORY

EASY SHIFT TRANSMISSION - HYDRAULIC BRAKES
DOUBLE DROP FRAME - SAFETY STEEL BODY

The most modern thing in motoring

THERE is literally nothing in lowest-price motoring, regardless of cylinders, with which the sensational performance of the New Plymouth with Floating Power can be compared.

Only among eights and finer sixes can you find smoothness even comparable to the silky smooth power-flow of the New Plymouth with Floating Power.

Free Wheeling, too, *at no extra cost,* is now brought within the reach of all who drive. And with Free Wheeling in all forward speeds goes a fine Easy-Shift transmission insuring smooth, quiet shifts, even with Free Wheeling locked out.

Plymouth has Safety-Steel bodies—silent and strong—with dynamic low-swung lines made possible by the modern double-drop frame.

It has the sure safety of self-equalizing hydraulic brakes. And the flashing performance made possible by full 56 horsepower—acceleration to 40 miles an hour in 9.7 seconds—top speeds by stopwatch of 65 to 70 miles an hour.

Throughout the New Plymouth you will find feature after feature of the finest type and quality—assuring that the outstanding advantages of Floating Power and Free Wheeling may go hand in hand with economy and lasting satisfaction.

There is but one way to measure correctly how completely the New Plymouth eclipses your every previous conception of lowest-priced motoring. See and drive the New Plymouth.

Then you will understand why the world has pronounced it the most modern thing in motoring.

NEW LOW PRICES—Roadster $535, Sport Roadster $595, Sport Phaeton $595, Coupe $565, Coupe (with rumble seat) $610, Convertible Coupe $645, Sedan (2-door) $575, Sedan (4-door, 6-window) $635, f. o. b. factory. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments.

Non-shatterable plate glass is available on all models at small extra cost. All enclosed models are wired for Philco-Transitone radio without extra cost.

NEW PLYMOUTH IS SOLD BY DODGE, DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

Curious Discoveries About How Noises Affect Us

Women Noisier Than Men and Disturbed Less by Racket, Children's Noise Just a Safety Valve, a Sudden Loud Noise Makes Your Stomach Jump As Well As Your Heart—But Some Students Work Better Among Loud Noises and Some City Dwellers Can't Be Happy Without Them

"What kind of a noise annoys an oyster?"
"A noisy noise annoys an oyster."

JOKES like this used to be common enough, but noise is no longer a subject of humorous comment. Business men have found out that less work is done in a noisy office; factory owners have discovered that less work, and less efficient work, is done in a noisy mill. And doctors, especially nerve specialists, have come to recognize that many patients are suffering from ill effects of noise surroundings. The health boards of many cities have begun campaigns to reduce the increasing din as a menace to health just as they recognize that filthy yards, and smoky, dusty air injure the health of the community.

The psychologists who have been brought in to study how noise affects human beings have discovered some curious things.

Women are far less disturbed by noise than men, and on the average are noisier. Children like noise, and are noisy, apparently, for two reasons—because they are more primitive than adults and because it uses up their surplus energy. Savages like loud noises, shoutings, drums, cymbals, clatter of sticks and so on, also because they are all outlets for primitive energies.

A loud, abrupt noise not only makes the "heart jump" and raises the blood pressure, but it makes the stomach jump quite as vigorously and affects digestion.

The only place where there is real quiet is one mile up in air in a balloon.

While noises undoubtedly impair the efficiency of the great majority of people, the experiments revealed that some students were greatly stimulated by a noisy surroundings and did better work than when in quiet. Afterwards, however, they were more tired than those who had worked under silent surroundings.

Furthermore, there are many people who live in cities who feel uncomfortable if deprived of their noises, and are uneasy until they can live again among them. People who can sleep undisturbed even by the clatter of the morning ash cans or their neighbor's "setting-up" exercises on the radio are often so affected by quiet that they cannot sleep at all.

Partly this is mere habit. A city man who moves to the country for the sake of quiet is likely to lie awake a few nights—just because the surroundings are too quiet. He misses the low, muffled rumble of the city; something which is audible continually in any city, no matter how tightly one closes windows or ears. After a few days, however, such an immigrant to the perfectly quiet countryside loses his habit of listening to the noise and grows accustomed to the silence instead.

Not even the country, however, is it ever perfectly quiet. Engineers seeking with their instruments for absolute noiselessness have never been able to find it on the earth's surface or underneath it. The quietest place in New York City was found to be an underground passageway connected with the subway system. So quiet was this that a purring cat or a man opening a newspaper made relatively enormous noises. Yet even this underground vault was not entirely noiseless. Enough noise to register 15 or 20 units on the engineers' instruments still seeped in from the vibrant city overhead.

Only one place on the planet, it is probable, is nearly noiseless. This is not the forest, for there one hears innumerable sounds from animals, from running water and from the wind in the trees. Nor is perfect quiet to be found at the North Pole or the South Pole, for at both of those spots noises are created when the wind blows snow crystals along the ice. The only really quiet place, aviators report, is in a balloon at least a mile in air. A few noises from the earth's surface do rise, it is reported, even to these heights, but only a very few of them.

In a balloon basket a mile or two above the ground it is reported to be possible for a person to hear the beating of his own heart as a succession of loud thumps like pounding on an empty barrel.

To the people who like noise such almost perfect quiet would be annoying rather than restful. Most children, for example, belong to this noise-loving group. Children's play is always noisy. Drums and other racket makers are among the most popular toys. Games are punctuated with shouts, preferably by every player shouting at once. The psychologists suspect this is a primitive means of extending surplus energy which they share with the savages.

It is not so easy to explain why some adults never seem to outgrow this childish liking for noise. Such persons, the psychologists say, are especially likely to be women. And, of course, it is a well-accepted theory that women are essentially more primitive, closer to the savage, than men. It is the usual rule at a women's party, for example, for almost all of the women to talk at once. They seem to have no difficulty in hearing each other. Everybody talks loudly, and the whole gathering is carried out in a general burst of noise, as though one held a card party in a boiler factory. The mysterious thing is why women like it.

Men, on the other hand, usually dislike this kind of thing. In masculine gatherings the rule is that only one person talks at once. Noise annoys the members of a masculine meeting, even the noise which they themselves make. All of this may constitute, the psychologists suspect, some deep-seated difference in masculine and feminine psychology the true roots of which are not yet understood.

Interesting confirmation of woman's supremacy in talking was afforded recently at a "talking marathon" held in New York. A number of men and women competed for a prize of $1,000 which was offered to the one who talked the longest without stopping. One by one the men dropped out exhausted. When the contest was half over, twice as many men had fallen by the wayside as women. When it was two-thirds over, there were still about a dozen women survivors and only one man. When the judges stopped the contest, there was one woman and one man left.

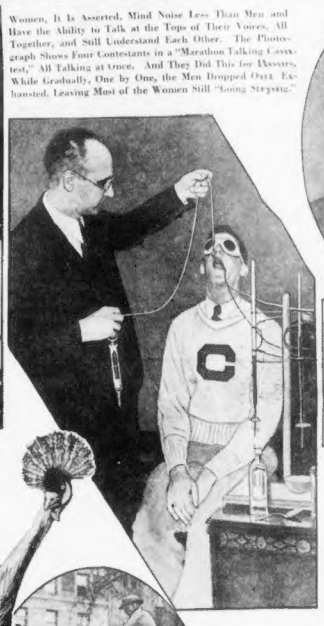
The woman was Miss Betty Wilson and she had talked for 79 straight hours. The prize was divided between her and talking contest is not significant according to those who claim that women are the longer talkers. They point out that the men collapsed more rapidly than the women, and that the decision was inconclusive because the contest was not allowed to continue until only one contestant remained. And also that Mr. Williams is a champion flag-pole sitter, which shows that he is an unusual type of male. Miss Wilson is an endurance swimmer, and, as can be seen from the photographs on this page, she does not open her mouth as wide as the others when she talks and that conserves her energy.

It is also true that the mental development of different people stops at different ages. Some keep on developing almost all their lives; others stop growing, so far as their brains and minds are concerned, at an age of six or even earlier. All this was proved when millions of men were studied psychologically at the time of the draft during the war. It is suspected that the liking of some people for noises is an infantile trait which they have not outgrown; a sign of retarded mental age. This would imply, too, that the greater average liking of women for noise indicates a lower average of mental age in that sex. These suspicions have not yet been tested definitely by psychological examinations, so that women to whom these ideas are distasteful need not believe them unless they wish.

One of the best ways to discover whether a certain individual likes noise or dislikes it is by a radio set. Some people turn on the radio as loudly as possible and then sit down to talk above the noise, shouting at the tops of their voices to exchange remarks which could be heard in a whisper were the radio turned off. Others dislike the noise of radio so much that they object even to the faint sounds of it that leak through house walls or come in from neighbor's houses through an open window. If psychologists were only sure that liking for noise is a childish trait and liking for quiet a trait of greater maturity and higher mental development, turning on the radio might be an easy way to separate the guests at an evening party into the ones with mental ages of a child and the ones who had grown up. Unfortunately the psychologists are by no means sure of this although the facts certainly favor the idea.

Psychologists and medical men attached to the six or eight commissions and committees which have been studying the scientific phases of the noise problem during recent years have uncovered at least two facts about noise psychology which are more certain than this. One of them is that life under noisy conditions requires more energy than life under quiet conditions. Discovered first by Professor John J. B. Morgan of Northwestern University, this fact has been confirmed by every careful investigation made by others. To do any task, like adding a column of figures or writing a letter or thinking out a problem of business, takes a trifle more energy if the surroundings are noisy than if they are quiet.

Noise Experts Operating a "Noise Meter" Which Records the Exact Amount of Nerve-Wracking Din In Any Locality By Changing It Into a Beam of Light and Then Photographing It. The Intensity of the Light Beam Reveals the Loudness of the Noise.



Women, It Is Asserted, Mind Noise Less Than Men and Have the Ability to Talk at the Tops of Their Voices, All Together, and Still Understand Each Other. The Photograph Shows Four Contestants in a "Marathon Talking Conversation," All Talking at once. And They Did This for Hours. Gradually, One by One, the Men Dropped Out, Exhausted, Leaving Most of the Women Still "Going Strong."

Above Is Miss Betty Wilson, Champion Long Time Talker and Winner of the Marathon Talking Contest. She Talked Without Cessation for 79 Hours and Won, Probably Because She Did Not Open Her Mouth So Wide Nor Talk So Loudly as the Other Contestants. Thus Not Using Up So Much Energy. Below Her Picture Is a Diagram Showing That More Than a Hundred Times As Much Energy Is Needed for Conversation in Even Moderately Noisy Places, Like a Noisy Office, As In a Quiet Home. (Diagram Reprinted from "City Noise Surveys" By E. L. Free Laboratories, N. Y.)

The Washington Crane Which Was Sent Into Exile for Awakening Senators In the Early Morning and Thus Reducing Their Efficiency In Their Arduous Task of Government—And One of the Commoner Dawn Noises of City Streets Which Similarly Reduce the Efficiency of Citizens and Which They Heartily Wish Could Be Exiled Like the Senators' Crane.

Loud, Abrupt Noises Which Make the "Heart Jump" Also Cause a Violent Contraction of the Stomach, Disturbing Digestion—A Curious Fact Discovered by Professor Donald A. Laird of Colgate University. Who Is Here Shown Dropping a Small Balloon Down Into a Subject's Stomach; When the Balloon Gets Into the Stomach It Is Inflated and Records the Contractions of the Organ's Walls.

Howard Williams, against Miss Wilson's protest, who said she was sure she could have tired out Mr. Williams. The fact that a man broke even with a woman at the end of this

This may be another reason why children and some adults like noise. Some people, especially many children, really have a surplus of bodily energy. Perhaps the greater amounts of this that they use in noisy surroundings are actually beneficial to them by getting rid of some of the extra "steam." Other people seem never to have enough energy for their needs.

To these persons, perhaps, the extra energy demanded by noisy surroundings is an added and disagreeable burden. To find out whether or not this is an explanation of the fact is one of the tasks that the psychologists who are studying noise still have ahead of them.

Sudden noises like gunshots or automobile backfires or even sudden shouts or door-slams are found by experiment to "make the heart jump," and raise the blood pressure of the majority of people. Professor Foster Kennedy of Cornell Medical College, who studied these matters for the New York City Noise Abatement Commission, concluded that such sudden noises may increase the death rate from apoplexy or similar diseases. Professor Donald A. Laird, of Colgate University, by having people swallow small rubber balloons inflated with air proved that sudden noises often cause similar spasmodic contractions of the stomach, interfering with digestion.

It is not certain, however, that all of the effects of noise are bad. At Ohio Wesleyan University Professor F. C. Dockeray discovered that students sometimes do even better work under slightly noisy conditions than in complete quiet.

Professor Dockeray calls it a noise "cocktail," a stimulant which may cause greater activity for a time, even if at the expense of greater exhaustion of energy later on.

This may be another reason for the difference between individuals. People who like stimulants or who need to have their mental processes goaded for them in some artificial way are perhaps those who like noise, since this apparently is one thing that noise does. This, perhaps, explains why some people like night clubs.

One recent curiosity of noise susceptibility occurred in Washington, D. C. In an apartment house overlooking the Zoo lives Senator Costigan, of Colorado, and some other Senators. They complained of a crane that developed the habit of making loud noises at 4 o'clock in the morning. Although many of the Senators sleep soundly among the speeches and noises of the Senate Chamber and are undisturbed by the clamor of the public or the waste of taxpayers, this particular noise kept them from sleeping. So the offending bird was exiled to another part of the Zoo and now the Senators' rest is again unbroken.

Meanwhile the physicists and engineers who have worked on the problems of city noise have supplied to the psychologists and other investigators the first essential of accurate scientific work; that is, instruments by which noise can be measured. These noise meters may be carried around by a health officer or a policeman to see where the noise is greatest in a city or to tell whether a factory or other establishment about which people complain on account of noise really is noisy enough to be suppressed or is merely the victim of unreasonable complaints.

Best of all, these modern noise meters are used in medical and psychological laboratories, so that accurate facts about the effects of noise on body or mind now are recorded. It will not be many years before the true reasons why some people are noise lovers and others are noise haters will be disclosed.

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The famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Water in a beautiful Christmas package. Also many other odors in this size . . 50c
Toilet Water of exceptional strength and fragrance, beautifully packaged. Choice of Chypre, Dactylis, La France Rose, Lily of the Valley, Monad Violet and Narcisse $1
for $1
The gift supreme for the man. A complete assortment of the famous Palmolive shaving preparations, set in a beautifully colored Christmas box. It contains Palmolive Shaving Cream, Palmolive Shave Lotion, Palmolive Talc, and a genuine gold-plated Gillette razor and blade.
Beautifully packaged flacon of the popular Florient Perfume, a favorite among discriminating women 50c
To delight the young lady who longs for the toiletries of grown-ups. Three dainty bottles of perfume, set in an attractive Christmas box. Costs only 25c
Chypre
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Choice perfumes in holiday wrap. Chypre, Dactylis, La France Rose, Lily of the Valley, Narcisse . . $1
Colgate's famous Jasmin Perfume, fragrant and very lasting. Also many other odors in this size . . . 50c
PALMOLIVE GIFT BOX FOR MEN
PALMOLIVE after shave talc
PALMOLIVE shave lotion
PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream

Thrifty Gifts *with a thrill in every box*

Marvelous values for Christmas shoppers in these beautiful assortments of Colgate-Palmolive toiletries

CHRISTMAS calls for something useful this year . . . not just odds and ends. And that's the reason for these beautiful gift boxes chuck full of the popular toilet necessities which everyone needs.

Notice the values, too. Naturally you want to give as much as you can for the money you have to spend. And where will you find values to compare with these beautiful yet inexpensive assortments?

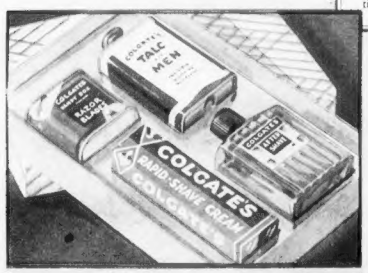
Colgate Palmolive toiletries are known and used the world over. The perfumes and toilet waters are of unmatched fragrance. The soaps and shaving preparations are the finest of their kind, and the favorites of millions.

Go get your Christmas list—start shopping now, right on this page. Your druggist will show you these beautiful assortments in prices ranging from 25c to $2.

$1.75 value for $1
Here's an enchanting gift for the woman who loves fine perfume and luxurious face powder. This beautiful box contains the famous Florient Perfume and Florient Toilet Water. Also a fine-textured Face Powder and an attractive Pocket Vanity.

Complete Colgate shaving set for the man, beautifully boxed. Includes the giant size tube Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream, large size Colgate's After Shave Lotion, Brillantine for men, and a genuine Gillette gold-plated razor and blade $2

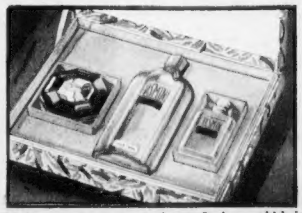
A gift for the young lady which includes the soft and luxurious Chypre Face Powder, a lovely Talc, a bottle of Chypre Toilet Water and a flacon of Colgate's famous Chypre Perfume. This is destined to be one of the most popular gifts in our whole line. Price $2



Here's the perfect gift for the man—just the shaving articles he needs put up in a beautiful Christmas box. There is Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream, Colgate's After-Shave Lotion and the famous Colgate Talc, which is a favorite among men everywhere. Also a handy container for used razor blades. *$1.25 value for* $1

THIS is no time to give useless trinkets. This year more than ever you should choose the practical and useful things. Toilet articles are always needed, and when they come attractively boxed like these, they are sure to be received with genuine appreciation. You'll never know the true beauty of these assortments until you actually see them. Don't put it off. Visit your drug store today.

For the lady, this beautiful assortment of Cashmere Bouquet toiletries, including the famous Cashmere Bouquet Perfume and Toilet Water, a can of fine-textured Talc and a regular size bar of the Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap . . $1.50



This box contains the lovely Jasmin Perfume, which is fragrant and very lasting. There is also the Jasmin Toilet Water and a beautiful single Compact which ordinarily sells for $1. This box makes a splendid gift for any woman or girl. Price $2

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE TOILETRIES

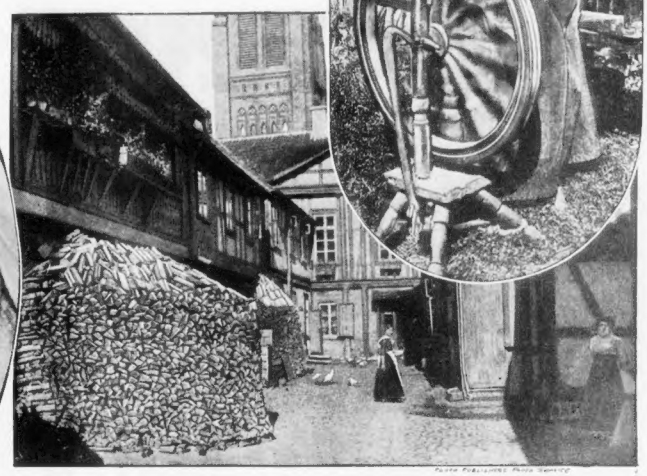
WHY RIGA, IN LATVIA, IS NOW FASHIONABLE FOR DIVORCE SEEKERS

Quaint Old Slav City on the Russian Border Has No Bothersome Requirements Like Reno and Paris—Drop Into Town, See a Lawyer and the Judge, Then Come Back a Little Later and the Decree Is Ready; No Residence Required; Cost $1.50

Princess Serge Obolensky, Formerly Miss Alice Muriel Astor, Only Daughter of the Late Colonel John Jacob Astor, Who Has Gone to Chilly, Far-Away Latvia for the Purpose, It Is Asserted, of Taking Advantage of Its Liberal Divorce Laws.

Elsa Heims, the Attractive German Actress, Whom Her Husband, Max Reinhardt, the Theatrical Producer, Vainly Sought to Divorce in Germany for Several Years, but He Finally Achieved His Object in Latvia.

Prince Serge Obolensky, the Exiled Russian Nobleman, Who Married Miss Astor, One of the Richest Women in New York.



Scene in One of the Streets of Riga, Capital of the State of Latvia on the Baltic. Note the Two Huge Woodpiles; the Climate Is Cold and Coal Is Scarce. The Other Photograph Shows a Native Peasant Woman Spinning Her Flax in the Same Primitive Way Her Ancestors Did Hundreds of Years Ago. She Wonders Why the Fine Ladies From Far Away Paris and London and America Come to Primitive Riga to Straighten Out Their Domestic Tragedies.

THE recent cable news that Muriel Astor, only sister of Vincent Astor, and now the Princess Obolensky, has arrived in Riga, in Latvia, to obtain a divorce from the Prince, reveals the latest fashionable divorce resort. In Riga the legal fee for a divorce decree is $1.50. But this bargain-counter price for a divorce is not the reason why the rich and fashionable matrimonial misfits are coming to that quaint, primitive old city way over on the Russian border.

For many years Paris was the place where wealthy Americans went to shake off their matrimonial shackles. Almost any excuse was accepted by the French courts and nobody thought it a hardship to spend three months in the gay French capital to acquire the necessary "legal residence." But scandals crept in and the notoriety became disagreeable, so the French Government set up restrictions and requirements which no longer make Paris divorce courts so attractive.

Then Reno, Nevada, revised its divorce laws and required only six weeks' residence. Mexico also made a bid for the divorce traffic and in some places conducted a mail-order divorce business not requiring either party to appear at all.

But the Mexican divorce was too good to be true. The United States courts frowned on the easy-going methods of justice, and many Americans paid their money, got a divorce decree and found out that it was of very little value in the United States.

The great advantage of the Latvian divorce law is that it does not require a fixed period of residence, although it does require appearance of the complainant when the papers are filed, and the complainant must come back again later on and appear in person to receive the divorce decree.

Very few of the rich and fashionable would be willing to endure the monotony and primitive life of the city of Riga for even the six weeks' residence which Reno requires. But the law in Latvia practically permits the divorce seeker to drop off a train in the afternoon, check in at a hotel, send for a lawyer and have the papers drawn, appear next morning in court, check out at noontime—and be on his or her way back to the gayeties of Paris, London or Berlin with only a twenty-four-hour stop-over in Riga. Latvia has a cold, bleak climate—but the law considerately does not ask you to stay there.

The Latvian law presumes that there is no longer any desire for a continuance of married life on the part of a couple who have lived apart for three years or more. Therefore either party is permitted to claim a divorce without the other's consent. Ignorance by one party of the whereabouts of the other party is sufficient ground for divorce. The law also grants divorce by mutual consent with a provision that the couple shall, after a period of two months, appear in person before the judge, who then appeals to them to become reconciled. But if it is inconvenient and neither of the parties turns up to listen to the judge's sermon—oh, well, it is just too bad, but the divorce stands.

The attractions of Riga as a divorce resort were first made known by Charles Huberich, a lawyer, who formerly practiced in New York. He obtained a divorce for Prof. Max Reinhardt, the famous German theatrical producer, who had for seven years been vainly trying to secure his freedom from his attractive actress wife, Elsa Heims, in Germany. This success was soon followed by the arrival of several wealthy Americans, among whom the most prominent was the former Muriel Astor. Other clients of the lawyer were Eugene d'Albert, the German composer, whose prospective seventh wife came to Riga with him, and Jacob Wasserman, the German author.

There are so many different requirements surrounding divorce in the United States that it is suggested some people have been driven by this diversity to a foreign country with only one law. The California Legislative Bureau has just published a survey of divorce legislation, in which some curious facts are brought out. All the forty-eight states in the Union have different divorce laws except South Carolina, which has none.

In Tennessee a divorce suit may be based on any one of thirteen grounds, while New York and the District of Columbia recognize only infidelity as a cause, and in the latter the defendant may never remarry. In Pennsylvania, South Dakota and Tennessee the defendant may not marry the co-respondent until after the death of the plaintiff.

The great majority of states require that in certain types of divorce cases the parties must have resided in the state for at least one year. The exceptions range from Nevada, with its six weeks' law already mentioned, and Idaho, which requires a three months' stay, to Connecticut, which requires a residence of three years, and Massachusetts, which recognizes only those who have lived in the state five years.

Thirty-seven states have at least seven causes for divorce, and only four, in addition to the District of Columbia, recognize less than five. Eleven states show no sympathy for the guilty party and make restrictions concerning the right to remarry which do not apply to the plaintiff.

Riga, the capital of Latvia, where the Princess Obolensky has gone, has the advantage of being old, but that is not an overwhelming attraction to fashionable women. Its narrow streets are not enlivened by great hotels, fine theatres and jewelry stores. Latvia is one of the small countries between Germany and Russia set up as an independent republic after the war. Its whole population is under 2,000,000.

A glance at Riga is enough to show that it must be a strange place of residence for one of the richest New York girls. By night one needs an electric torch to get about the streets of the old town with any comfort. The prices of food and beer are very moderate, but this can hardly be an important consideration to the former Muriel Astor. There are many nice little garden restaurants in the town where one can dance and obtain food and drink at a modest price. The favorite dish at a Riga cabaret is "raki," consisting of small boiled lobsters served in huge bowls, smoking hot. All kinds of beer, ale, porter and brandy are consumed with raki. It is said that the sight of a pretty Latvian girl eating raki with her fingers and drinking porter was enough to put an end to a young American's admiration for her.

Riga's great attraction is the Strand, its seaside resort, which is reached by fifteen miles of one of the worst roads in Europe. There are no piers, no boardwalks, no grand hotels on the Strand. Mile after mile of little wooden chalets and bungalows stretch alongside the road, often among the pine trees, but hidden from the sea by long banks of sand dunes. One of its little groups of houses is called "Edinburg," because many years ago a Scottish merchant built the first house there and gave it the name of his native city. Another locality is called "Dublin" and was named for similar reasons by an Irishman.

There are two hotels in Riga, but not sufficiently luxurious to be famous. At one of them you can obtain a good large room for $1.50 a day and at the other a room for $1. Even at the better hotel nothing but beer is served with meals, and champagne is unknown. You can obtain two large rooms in a flat for $15 a month, and provisions are quite cheap. If the former Muriel Astor were looking for cheap accommodation, beer and lobster suppers, she found the right place in Riga, but that is not likely to be her object.

There is a casino in Riga where one can gamble. It is against the law for a native to play at the tables unless he has an income of at least $3,000 a year. Some of them not having this income, but being very anxious to gamble, recklessly declared their income at the requisite amount. A little later they were shocked to find they had to pay income tax on the higher sum, as the casino authorities worked with the income tax collector.

There are some other attractions in Riga. There is the church of St. Joannes, where high up in a wall above the street is imbedded the skull of a monk placed there because he tried to murder his bishop as he ascended the pulpit. Opposite the town hall is the "House of the Black Heads," a bachelor society formed early in the 14th century. They took the name of "Black Heads" from St. Mauritius, a negro martyr once venerated as the patron saint of bachelors.

Until the war Latvia was part of Russia. The common people, known as Letts, were conquered by German invaders in the Middle Ages and reduced to the condition of serfs. Their overlords founded a nobility known as the Baltic Barons, who continued to oppress the people down to the end of the war. When Russia conquered the country in 1709 she did not interfere with the privileges of the German nobility. The German nobles could take their property, press them into slavery, flog and even torture them. During the war the population was reduced to three-quarters of its normal size and the poor wretches who remained were homeless and eked out a miserable existence in the cellars of their former houses, in dugouts or even in trenches which they roofed with wood and earth.

It has been stated that the Princess Obolensky is asking a divorce on the ground that she has been estranged from her husband for three years. This appears to present a problem, but probably ingenious lawyers will find a way around it. As recently as October, 1930, the Prince and Princess were entertained in New York by Bertrand L. Taylor, Jr., of 455 East 57th Street, at a supper dance held in honor of the Prince's birthday. Some of the best-known people in New York society were present, and the Prince and Princess accepted the greetings of the guests in a manner which gave no clue to an estrangement. Among those who congratulated the "happy pair" were Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Baker, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and others. It is possible that many of these persons will be shocked and grieved to learn that they were completely "taken in" by an evening of social make-believe, and that the honored couple of the evening intended to part coldly and go to separate residences once the guests had departed.

There have been reports for some time that the Prince and Princess Obolensky were estranged, but the same report may be heard about many couples in fashionable society. While they were here in 1930 the Princess lived in the marble-fronted Vincent Astor mansion while the Prince had his headquarters in the Madison Hotel. But this was easily explained by the fact that the Prince was an enthusiastic singer and the Princess did not care to listen to his practicing all the time.

Then when the Princess left for the Obolensky palace in London that spring, the Prince stayed on his job at the Chase National Bank in New York. Spokesmen for the family were quick to explain that a husband has to stick to his business sometimes, and his doing so while his wife traveled in Europe is an old American custom.

It was noted, however, that the partial separation of the couple still continued this year. The Princess sailed away in October for England, while her husband moved to a new hotel, the Plaza. This time it was stated that she had purchased an estate in Switzerland, where she intended to spend much of her time, but it soon turned out that she was going to Riga.

When Miss Alice Muriel Astor was married to Prince Serge Obolensky in 1924 there was considerable surprise. As one of the two children of the late Colonel John Jacob Astor she was in possession of an immense fortune—perhaps the largest owned by any New York girl at that time. It was known that Colonel Astor was opposed to marriages with foreigners, as so many of them had turned out unhappily among his own relatives and acquaintances. In any case, Prince Obolensky did not strike Americans as an important enough match for such a great heiress. A prince from a country that had killed off or exiled all its imperial family and confiscated the property of all its nobility did not sound like a good bargain.

There appeared to be one or two other objections to him as a husband for a girl of twenty-two. He had been divorced by his first wife for reasons more serious than those required at Riga. That wife, by the way, was a widow when she married him and had become engaged to him while she was nursing him when he was recovering from his war wounds. She was the Princess Catherine Barantinska, and was the granddaughter of Czar Alexander II., the liberator of the serfs, by a morganatic marriage.

Miss Astor and Prince Obolensky were united with unusual rare. They went through three marriage ceremonies in London. But for $1.50 it can all be undone in Riga.

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This year . . . Christmas Candy at good old-fashioned prices

Award of Merit of Candy Brands Institute
this decoration is given for outstanding achievement in the art of candy making

Here is the Seal of Merit of Candy Brands Institute. Look for this mark of quality when you buy candy.

. . . . Lowney has brought back the price of 20 years ago

This year you can have all the wonderful Christmas candy you want without extravagance. Lowney's American Beauty Chocolates, which for years sold at $1.00, are now 70¢!

Yet due to the size of the Lowney business, the present-day cost of materials and the work of the newly established Candy Brands Institute, this candy is actually finer, with more taste surprises in every pound than when it cost a dollar!

Even the box in which American Beauty Chocolates come today is new and smarter than ever. [illegible] the Cellophane wrapper which keeps the candy fresh until it reaches you. Lift the lid and find two [illegible] chocolates

[illegible] which includes six new and unusual combinations [illegible] and nut-stuffed dates; delicious caramels and [illegible] flavorous creams and plump, fresh nuts [illegible] usually found only in more expensive assortments.

The Seal of Merit of Candy Brands Institute

Candy Brands Institute was organized to do research work for four famous candy makers. To test ingredients for taste as well as quality. To discover new, more successful recipes; new and finer methods; new ways of economy.

In addition to this work, the Institute is setting up higher standards than ever for the more than 700 assortments of candy products by the members of Candy Brands. While working on these, they found 5 to be of very exceptional merit. Assortments *so unusual—so fine* the Institute believed they should have some mark of distinction. Something to tell the public that, in the judgment of the Institute, here is candy of quality *far beyond that of other candies of its class.*

So a Seal of Merit was designed for these outstanding assortments and was awarded—first of all—to Lowney's American Beauty Chocolates!

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[illegible] candy bars [illegible] from 25 years

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Found the Temple of Ishtar [illegible] Worshiped

The Spades of the Archeologists Uncover in Ancient Nineveh the Ruined Shrine of Assyria's Great Goddess of Love and War, to Whom the Wise King of Biblical History Sacrificed Under Her Other Name of Ashtoreth

An Old Drawing From Schnorr's "Bible in Pictures" Showing Solomon and Some of His Wives Worshiping Strange Gods, Among Whom Was the Goddess Ashtoreth, or Ishtar.

KING SOLOMON, although he was supposed to be wise, had too many wives and to keep them pleased [illegible] Among these was the goddess Ashtoreth of the Zidonians.

The goddess Ashtoreth was the same as Ishtar, the great goddess of love and war of the Babylonians and [illegible] and now the [illegible]

[illegible]

The Bible draws a perfect picture of the [illegible] harassed [illegible] having to please [illegible] family, and in doing so even [illegible] to forget Jehovah, his own god. That picture is in the 11th chapter of the First Book of Kings:

"But King Solomon loved many strange women, together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians and Hittites. . . .

"And he had seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines.

"It came to pass, when Solomon was old, that his wives turned away his heart after other gods, and his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God, as was the heart of David his father.

"For Solomon went after Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Zidonians. . . .

"And likewise did he for all his strange wives, which burnt incense and sacrificed unto their gods."

A Bronze Head Dug Up at Nineveh, Which Probably Was Brought From Babylon and May Have Been That of a Priest of Ishtar.

Solomon, because of [illegible] of these affairs, probably paid more attention to Ashtoreth or Ishtar than to any other of his wives' gods, because she was supposed to have full control of all such matters, and to be able to make love satisfactory or the reverse.

Before the discovery at Nineveh, the only known temple to Ishtar was at Babylon. This was identified by an expedition [illegible] the distinguished German archeologist, in 1900. Here too are the remarkably well preserved monuments known as the "Gates of Ishtar." Nebuchadnezzar the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] This road [illegible] Ishtar's temple and [illegible] to the temple of the God Marduk at [illegible] holy place within Babylon. Marduk was a lover of Ishtar, and she was a friend of him—among others. Her temple at Nineveh was much larger than her temple at Babylon, however, and presumably proportionately more important.

The Gates of Ishtar, at Babylon, Erected by Nebuchadnezzar in Honor of the Goddess.

The Ruins of the Temple of the Goddess Ishtar Recently Uncovered at Nineveh.

A Golden Amulet Bearing the Figure of Ishtar, or Ashtoreth, Found at Beth-Shan.

There was one curious difference between the temples of Ishtar and the temples of Ashtoreth, even though they were actually one and the same goddess. Those of Ashtoreth were always surrounded by a grove of trees, among which were usually to be found a certain number of the priestesses. They had tents or curtain-covered booths. There these priestesses, who were chosen for their beauty, often from the noble families, received and entertained the male worshipers of the goddess. The groves were the center of [illegible] ceremonies.

Ishtar's temples had no groves, but [illegible] number of charming retreats where the priestesses [illegible] [illegible] every Babylonian maid, wife or widow had to come to the temple and officiate at least once in the [illegible] rites of the goddess [illegible]

[illegible] mentioned [illegible] when Josiah cut down the groves of Ashtoreth he also [illegible] the houses where the women wove hangings for the grove.

"And the high places that were before Jerusalem, [illegible] Solomon the king of Israel had builded for Ashtoreth the abomination of the Zidonians [illegible] did the king defile.

"And he brake in pieces the images and cut down the groves and filled their places with the bones of men."

At the same time, no doubt, they killed all the doves which were sacred to Ishtar in Babylon and Nineveh, and also sacred to her wherever she was worshiped as Ashtoreth. [illegible] They were [illegible] white with crimson bills and [illegible] with a spot of red [illegible] upon their breast that was [illegible] the bleeding heart. It was supposed to have come from the touch of Ishtar's hand when her heart was breaking because of the death of her lover Tammuz.

The love affair of Ishtar and Tammuz was the greatest [illegible] at least [illegible] James Frazer, the foremost British expert on mythology, by more people than any [illegible] When Ishtar loved she loved [illegible] when she hated he hated. In the Nimrod Epic, the national poem of the [illegible] told that she fell in love with Nimrod, and [illegible] he cursed him with a [illegible] If he had not, the modern world would probably not have the story of the [illegible]

[illegible] world was first [illegible] destroyed [illegible] as found in [illegible] that it was [illegible] Jews during their [illegible] in Babylon.

But Ishtar loved Tammuz [illegible] went to Hell [illegible] Tammuz [illegible] Queen of Hell [illegible] the two sisters, Ishtar presented herself at Allatu's seven dark gates. At the first one the guardian of the gates stripped her of her crown, at the second of her earrings [illegible] round her neck. After the [illegible] ancient Babylonian poem:

"The fourth gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the ornaments of her breast.
"Why, O porter, hast thou taken off the ornaments of my breast?"
"Enter, my lady, for such is the custom of Allatu."
"The fifth gate he caused her to enter, he approached and took off the studded girdle of her waist.
"Why, O porter, hast thou taken off the studded girdle of my waist?"
"Enter, my lady, for such is the custom of Allatu."

[illegible] Figure of Her [illegible] Whom [illegible] Worshiped Under the Name of Ishtar.

[illegible]

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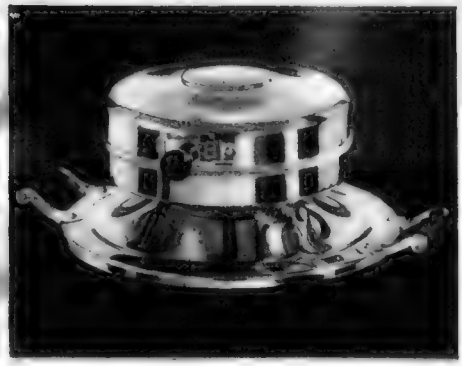

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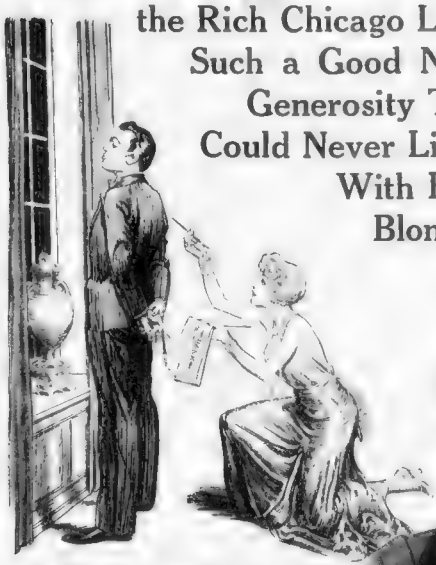
"Money Cruelty"

Bejeweled Peggy Joyce Gave Her First Husband, the Rich Chicago Lumberman, Such a Good Name for Generosity That He Could Never Live It Down With His Second Blonde Wife



Diamonds and Furs Are Not Always Unreasonable for a Wife to Expect and Demand, Judge McWilliams, of Chicago, Asserts, and Husbands With Large Wealth Who Are Accustomed to Lavish Expenditures May Be Guilty of "Money Cruelty" if They Refuse a Wife Who Pleads With the Check Book.

MR. JAMES STANLEY JOYCE, the Chicago lumberman, [illegible] blonde. He was the [illegible] Peggy Hopkins Joyce. About [illegible] getting under [illegible] and [illegible] divorced Mr. Joyce [illegible] announced that he was the best and most generous husband a wife ever had.

Mr. Joyce maintains that [illegible] unsolicited testimonial from Peggy that [illegible] suing for divorce, charging what has been called "money cruelty" and a few lesser offenses, such as punching, kicking and sparking.

After Peggy [illegible] the lumberman on the grounds of desertion, she announced to the world that he had given her a total of $2,500,000. And every time she [illegible] another husband he took occasion to advertise [illegible] the best and most generous of them all. Peggy has stated that if she had it to do over again she would not divorce him at all but keep him indefinitely. Joyce has never been able to live down this unfortunate [illegible].

He [illegible] when at [illegible] he is a society [illegible] around Chicago [illegible] and blonde [illegible] wife and [illegible] Peggy [illegible] Joyce [illegible] Nell [illegible] Joyce [illegible] bills [illegible] when [illegible] was so slow [illegible] the rest.

Ever since Peggy [illegible] and crowned [illegible] wreath of [illegible] Joyce has been pursued [illegible] blonde [illegible] upon a time, all [illegible] men could [illegible] Joyce seems to be that [illegible] was so good to [illegible] first wife [illegible] woman of the same general description ought to get as much out of him. For a long time he kept [illegible] answering [illegible] answers to [illegible] letters and a letter answered [illegible] blondes that Mr. Joyce [illegible] expected and nobody knows [illegible] about.

Even on [illegible] in Florida, he was not safe from them. Peggy [illegible] swamped the [illegible] and therefore the bathing [illegible] in effective on [illegible] blondes. [illegible] swam out [illegible] aboard. When [illegible] of mermaids, the [illegible] had to [illegible] so he sifted to [illegible] two [illegible] off shore.

To his dismay [illegible] swam even that distance [illegible] him in an embarrassing dilemma. The girls in [illegible] signified that they were [illegible] and that unless he took them on board they would drown. It was probably true, so Peggy [illegible] husband had to let down the ladder.

Once on board, they had chills, fainting spells and one thing or another, so that they just could not be taken ashore. In despair to get rid of them, he [illegible] himself went [illegible] and remained at a hotel until [illegible] sailed. After he had performed him that the yacht had been de-blonded. Wherever he stopped the enterprising collected around this sugar spot. The blonde pressure became more than he could stand. As the easiest way to get rid of a lot of women is to marry one of them, Mr. Joyce gave way to [illegible] Mr. [illegible] New York, wife of a physician. [illegible] second marital bark had not been launched on the sea of matrimony before Peggy's [illegible] of [illegible] $1,250,000 [illegible] of the [illegible] Joyce [illegible] But [illegible] did [illegible] each man whom [illegible] certificate [illegible] answer is "Money [illegible] Joyce [illegible] that he gave Peggy [illegible] the $1,400,000 [illegible] Bill [illegible] Whenever [illegible] would [illegible] he [illegible] that [illegible] one [illegible] that [illegible] fight.

The devoutest believer in all this alleged [illegible] and Mr. Joyce [illegible] and [illegible] figure and manners [illegible] soft-spoken [illegible] had not graduated from the "Follies," this was offset by the fact that Nell had a certain social background and had never been thrown violently into [illegible] Peggy [illegible] comes in units when anyone [illegible] accurately as a hunter. [illegible] fore knew just what to expect in dollars [illegible] dressmaker had milked him of only $3,000 during her first year and the evil hour in each had been paid for in the face of a large settlement.

Money [illegible] a real success [illegible] and [illegible] promptly will be permanent because it is a long [illegible] any one can see that money [illegible] the cruelest kind that can be inflicted on a hopeful wife, much worse than throwing her downstairs, kicking or punching her face.

However, just before the papers were filed she took a few steps to even up things a bit by running up a few bills of a size that would startle even [illegible] much [illegible] ordering Joyce to pay that $16,738 account, Judge McWilliams of the Superior Court, in Chicago, said that the [illegible] standard of [illegible] for [illegible] thousand [illegible] dollars.

"No saint should be forced to wear his halo until after he is dead," says Mr. Joyce. "I wish I could get rid of mine."

Mr. James Stanley Joyce, Wealthy Illinois Lumberman, Whose Two Blonde Wives Have Cost Him a Fortune.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Who Was Mr. Joyce's First Wife and Is Said to Have Acquired About $1,500,000 in Jewels, Furs and Money Before Mr. Joyce Passed Out of Her Life.

Interesting Laugh at Rogues of Pearls from Photographer Behind the Back of Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

The Charmer, Mrs. James Stanley Joyce, No. 2, the Successor of the Famous Peggy Joyce and Also a Blonde Beauty. This Photograph Shows Her Ropes of Pearls and Two Big Diamond Bracelets.

The Other Photograph Is a Detail Showing One of Mrs. Joyce's Enormous Diamond Earrings and Diamond Necklace.

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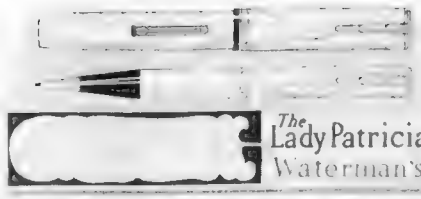
Waterman's
GIFTS OF QUALITY

When you give a Waterman's, of course, you are giving the *best* that money can buy. Yet you're not necessarily giving an expensive gift. You are giving the writing instrument that *writes best* for every one. First, because Waterman's pens represent forty eight years of knowledge and craftsmanship; second, because there is, literally, a point for every handwriting in the pen you want at the price you want. So of course, a Waterman's is the *perfect* gift to anyone. Any Waterman's dealer will be glad to show you the full line—he also will exchange pen points after Christmas.

EVERY PEN AND PENCIL PACKED IN A GIFT BOX



LADY PATRICIA—PENS $5.00, PENCILS $3.00. Shown in Persian. Four other colors available

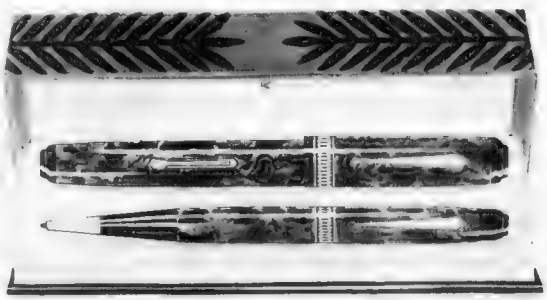
No. 91—PENS $5.00, PENCILS $3.00. Shown in blue. Also in gray and brown.

Waterman's
GIFTS OF TASTE

Pens for the whole family . . . small bright pens keyed to small hands. Smart trim pens on modern lines for young moderns. Pens feminine from clasp to color. Great big impressive pens for big impressive fathers and uncles and business men. Simple black pens for business use . . . artists' pens . . . musicians' pens . . . secretaries' pens . . . indeed a world of pens. In fact, there's not a person on your list who couldn't be perfectly suited with a Waterman's gift pen. Ask your dealer to show you the choice—as little as $1.00 buys a genuine Waterman's pencil; $2.75 and up for the pens.

EVERY PEN AND PENCIL PACKED IN A GIFT BOX

L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY
191 BROADWAY, NEW YORK • 129 SO. STATE ST., CHICAGO
609 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO • 10 SCHOOL ST., BOSTON
263 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA



PATRICIAN—PENS $10.00, PENCILS $5.00. Shown in Moss-Agate. Five other colors available.

Waterman's No. 94, GRAY PEN, $5.00.
Waterman's No. 92, GREEN AND GOLD PEN, $5.00.
Waterman's LADY PATRICIA, ONYX PEN, $5.00.
Waterman's LADY PATRICIA, JET PENCIL, $3.00
Waterman's No. 92, GREEN-AND-GOLD PENCIL, $3.00
Waterman's No. 95, BROWN PENCIL, $3.00
Waterman's PATRICIAN, ONYX PEN, $10.00.
25
DECEMBER

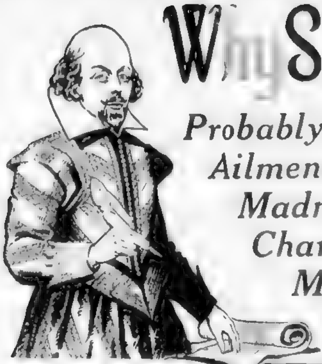
Waterman's CALENDAR DESK SET, ONYX BASE, No. 381/67, $20.00. For home or office use

Waterman's DESK SET, No. 501/62½ BLACK ARAGONITE BASE, $8.00.

Waterman's

Why Shakespeare Wrote Such Tragic Plays

Probably Tormented by Aches and Pains From Thirteen Different Ailments, the Great Dramatist Was Impelled to Inflict Murder, Madness and Cruelty on the Characters in His Masterpieces



Shakespeare With the Wretched Goose-Quill Pen of His Time Which He Used to Write His Voluminous Plays

MEDICAL authorities on various [illegible] putting together the [illegible] of Shakespeare's [illegible] life and even using his plays as symptoms, have diagnosed the diseases which afflicted the world's [illegible] as including some [illegible] ailments.

If in spite of such handicaps he wrote [illegible] plays of all times, one wonders how much higher he might [illegible] well. But the [illegible] instead of [illegible] done so [illegible] of forty-six and [illegible] fifty-three, but if he had been in sound health he might have lived longer and turned out more work, only he would probably not have been much more than an ordinary playwright. In other words, the diseases that tormented him acted as a sort of unwelcome [illegible] the Bard of Avon's [illegible] characters.

Of all [illegible] playwrights Shakespeare [illegible] the most homicidal. Most of his plays simply drip with blood [illegible] as if he hates to let any of his characters survive to see the [illegible] descend. Such a feeling does not come to a writer by accident.

Like every other professional writer, Shakespeare wrote to please and make money, and nobody knew his business better. Yet instead of amusing the bored nobleman who was the equivalent of the tired business man, and the romantic young woman, which then as now was good business, he deliberately agonized and horrified them, exasperating audiences by what he did to the characters he had made them love.

As far as known, "Titus Andronicus" [illegible] his first published play. It opened with [illegible] characters but only five [illegible] bitter end. Of the remaining [illegible] casualties, six had been [illegible] by one man.

Romeo [illegible] Juliet has only five fatalities, [illegible] and two suicides, though even this is more than a modern author would care to hand an audience in one evening. But this tragedy is [illegible] the most outstanding piece of evidence of all. The medical men see in it a vain attempt by Shakespeare to divorce himself from his disease-collaborators and write a popular play with a popular, happy ending.

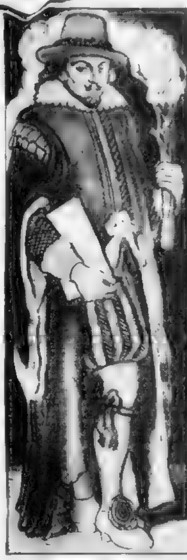
Stripped to the bones the basic idea of such a happy ending romance is always as follows: Two lovers must marry. They can't marry. They do marry. The difference between the various plays of this type [illegible] characters, the obstructions which keep the lovers apart and the ingenuity with which the obstacles are removed to permit them to marry and live happily ever after.

When Shakespeare sat down to write "Romeo and Juliet" he evidently meant to follow that ancient and ever successful formula because he built for it as only a genius could. Presumably he was in unusually good health, with few if any of his thirteen maladies tormenting for the moment. Comfortable and at peace with the world when he began this famous play, he was in the right mood to compose the world's most delightful love romance.

No more appealing and sympathetic situation has ever been presented than those two lovable children, falling in love with each other but with the dangerous obstacle of a blood feud between their families.

In a tragedy the cause of the tragedy must seem inevitable and irresistible [illegible] of nature. In "Romeo and Juliet" the [illegible] feud between the families is an unnecessary [illegible] to a playwright [illegible] at the author's will [illegible] reconciliation. In fact it [illegible] cleared up in that way but after it is too late, the lovers are dead and the audience doesn't care what becomes of their families. Therefore everything was nicely set from the beginning for a happy ending and never did a play seem more to call for it, to fairly scream for it.

So Shakespeare must have planned and meant things to be as he laid the plot out in his mind. Then he sat down to write, and his thirteen collaborators, one by one, seem most of them to have joined him. The two ailments which today would be considered most insignificant probably were the very ones that upset the great dramatist the most



Shakespeare Lived in Such Violent and Uncivilized Times That Even in London He Was Obliged to Go About at Night With a Torch to Watch Out for Footpads and Pitfalls in the Rough and Unlighted Streets

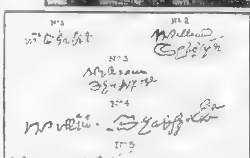
and were largely the cause of many of the others. These were eye-strain and "scrivener's palsy" [illegible] writer's cramp. Writer's cramp has [illegible] known at present [illegible] should [illegible] author [illegible] his pencil and [illegible] writer [illegible] to learn [illegible] dictate [illegible] who [illegible] than he could ever write with his pencil.

There were neither type-writers [illegible] used them in his plays as well as in writing them. Nor were there pencils or even a decent pen. The work had to be done with a goose quill and ink, with sand instead of blotting paper. Worse than that, for many years Shakespeare wrote in a painful, angular Gothic script, something like modern German script, and presumably invented by the Evil One to make reading and writing as difficult as possible.

In the specimens of Shakespeare's handwriting, still in existence, doctors find all of the eighteen classic symptoms of writer's cramp. This irritation to the nerves and disposition was aggravated by a constant eye-strain. In those days correction for astigmatism was not made and for lack of proper glasses Shakespeare had to suffer from the headaches of which he complained, after much reading and writing. Of course this strain was [illegible]

[illegible] high blood pressure. With almost equal inevitableness the strain drove Shakespeare to seek means of soothing his nerves, in the only solaces he knew, alcohol and tobacco, and so to the list has been added alcoholism and nicotinism. Also he is charged with gluttony and believed to have suffered from angina pectoris, [illegible] painful and alarming heart trouble which was liable to prostrate him at the height of his activities and for which the quickest known relief is a stiff drink of straight brandy or whiskey.

Some of the other diseases under which he is believed to have labored are apoplexy, causing partial paralysis, walking typhoid, typhus, locomotor



Authenticated Specimens of Shakespeare's Handwriting Revealing Its Cramped and Nervous Character.

ataxia and Bright's disease, enough to have retired most anyone to the hospital or the grave, but Shakespeare made himself immortal with them, perhaps because of them.

Probably not all but many of these well-disguised blessings descended, one by one, on the great writer as he scratched away with his wretched quill pen at "Romeo and Juliet." His uncorrected eye-strain caused headaches and his crude pen, unable to write the cramped Gothic script fast enough to keep up with the swift thoughts of genius, palsied under the task. The double strain sent him to alcohol and tobacco and, like most playwrights, no doubt he did his best work late at night, under a candle, missing meals and later making up with the gluttony for which he stands accused.

Suffering from overwork and over- [illegible] become irritable, hateful, ready to fly at anyone who approaches him. But doubtless everyone had sense enough to keep away. His study was peopled only by the characters of his play, that was shaping under his palsied fingers. They were the only victims on which he could wreak the vengeance his tortured nerves demanded. And he did, causing a double suicide of the hero and heroine and thereby probably wringing more hearts than ever was done by committing any double murder in real life.

Perhaps Shakespeare, in his pain and misery, lost sympathy and grew to hate his brain-children, Romeo and Juliet, and took a bloodthirsty joy in their

The Double Suicide of Romeo and Juliet, the Tragic Ending of a Charming Love Romance [illegible] Reasoned, Shakespeare Inflicted on the Characters of the Play Because of His Own Torturing Ailments

The Murder of the Two Little Princes in the Tower by Order of Their Uncle, a Tragedy So Repellent That It Seems Only a Man of Diseased Mind Would Have Dwelt on Its Details as Shakespeare Does

[illegible] for them, and [illegible] well and happy [illegible] ever after. The chances were that their love would grow cold [illegible] commit suicide for love while they were still young, beautiful and healthy.

Perhaps he may have vented his spleen on the audiences which he knew would come healthy, happy and irresponsible to enjoy the product of his misery. W[illegible] knew that every normal healthy man and woman would love the two lovers and look forward to the almost obvious happy ending and then be struck in the face with that double tragedy. "Send 'em away laughing" is Broadway's advice today, and no doubt right. Shakespeare dared to send them away agonized with disappointment.

Not only is Shakespeare the most homicidal of playwrights, but he manages to get more out of a murder than anyone else. He harrows an audience with preparations for the murder of Duncan, with the telling of the crime and all the remorse of Macbeth [illegible]

In "Hamlet" [illegible] Ophelia drowns herself but even before the curtain rises Hamlet's father has been murdered and in a way that somehow makes audiences shudder more than if it had been done by a dagger through the heart. It is by poison poured into the father's ear while he sleeps—nine deaths in all.

"King Lear" contains six murders, one suicide and one death from natural causes. "Othello" also has one suicide, one natural death in addition to three killings. In "Pericles" four actors meet violent deaths. Thus in seven plays fifty-one characters meet their death. Even the bloodiest of modern

Lady Macbeth Is Represented as Urging Her Husband to Kill His King and Guest and When He Shrinks From the Crime She Finishes the Deed Herself—A Picture of Cruelty So Unnatural in a Woman of Gentle Breeding That Its Description Argues Shakespeare's Extreme Morbidity.

gangster plays do not bump them off as fast as that.

In the "Merchant of Venice" Shakespeare seems to have reversed [illegible] every-thing was ready for Shylock to commit a perfectly legal murder by taking his celebrated pound of flesh the author relented. Perhaps this was because Shakespeare's diseases let up on him just then. He felt sorry for Shylock's victim and with Portia's aid frustrated him. Had he allowed the murder to go through as planned it would not have wrung the hearts of the audience as much as the heartbreaking deaths of Romeo and Juliet.

Nisbet, in his book, "Insanity and Genius," gives a chapter to an attempt to prove that Shakespeare's many ailments drove him mad. But the major-

[illegible] as summed up in the London Lancet, is [illegible] died a sane man. Perhaps, though [illegible] sometimes feared himself on the edge [illegible] so many of his works. Many [illegible] ters, such as Macbeth and Hamlet, are recog[illegible] them morbid subjects.

Dr. H. Somerville [illegible] M[illegible]

[illegible] pointed out [illegible] running through many of Shakespeare's characters. Hamlet suffered from [illegible] melancholia and hallucinations; Ophelia went stark mad. Macbeth has all the [illegible] Othello [illegible] King Lear [illegible] Dr. S[illegible] mental [illegible] Lady Macbeth and [illegible] Britain [illegible] of Athens [illegible] Constance in King John, shows a morbid love of death.

All the [illegible] are so accurately described that [illegible] modern ph[illegible] type of [illegible], although Shakespeare himself [illegible] not of course have named [illegible]. He only kn[illegible] such [illegible] such [illegible] a way. He [illegible] sometimes [illegible] probably [illegible] himself in the [illegible] of his own characters. [illegible] peare's description of M[illegible]

[illegible] exalted [illegible] of [illegible] and power [illegible]

Shakespeare's Puritan neighbors, who hated [illegible] was of the stage, drank, smoked and tried to get some joy out of life in spite of his handicaps, spread the story that his death was caused by a drinking bout with Drayton and Ben Johnson, that "he died of a fever there contracted." But modern medical review of the evidence gives the opinion that his perambulatory typhoid finally got him. It flared up soon after [illegible] and he made his will, signing his three pages, but he did not die till a week after [illegible] fifty-three years to the day from the date of his birth.

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Seeking the Facts Behind Crime

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the Police Laboratories of France, Explains How Modern Scientific Methods Unravel Baffling Crimes, and Gives Details of Remarkable Cases, With Photographs of the Evidence from Official Records

Triple Personality Chart Constructed by Professor Gonzales

Photograph of the French Penal Colony at Noumea, New Caledonia, From Which Famous Nickel Escaped With Three Other Convicts

Madame Cavalla, Who Was Hypnotized Into Performing a Criminal Act Which Nearly Resulted in the Death of This Innocent Woman

The Jeweler's Shop in Paris Where Mme. Cavalla Was Found Unconscious, Guarded by Uniformed Police and French Surete Detectives.

The house, we discovered, had passages leading to a shop in an adjoining street, and in a room above the shop we found the unfortunate de Ruyers strapped to a chair. A huge parabolic mirror, in which the rays of several powerful lamps came to a focus, had been so placed that a dazzling shaft of light struck full in her eyes. He appeared unable to move his head, and was moreover, dazed from the stifling fumes of Indian hemp. I saw and assisting Lacoste to his side. As we sprang forward in unto the poor devil a shot rang out from a corner and de Ruyers, uttering a shrill and a low moan, and that pitiful sound was the passing of his soul, for the bullet had pierced his heart"

By H. Ashton-Wolfe

CHAPTER X

Good Time

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

(Continued on Page 78)

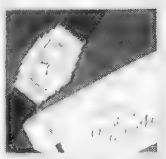
CHAPTER XX

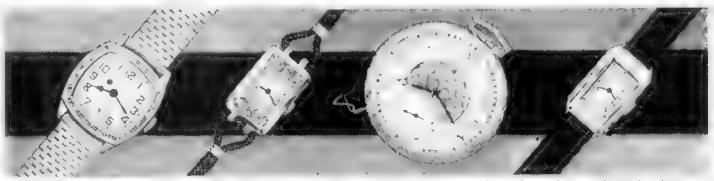
A Cable from New York

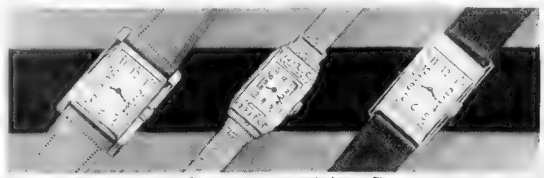
This year .. of all years

GIVE A GIFT THAT'S WORTH WHILE

Better by far one worth-while gift
than a dozen odds and ends







A beautiful Elgin . . . a gift from the whole family . . . is a remembrance to be cherished always. And think! An Elgin costs no more than the 3 or 4 ordinary things you would otherwise give.

ELGIN *made in America by American workmen*

No "After Bite"
When Shaving
with
Cuticura
Shaving Cream

A small amount spreads a thick lasting lather that penetrates to the hair follicles, while the medicated properties of **Cuticura** soothe the skin.

At your dealers or sent, postpaid, upon request. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Malden, Mass.

budgeting *is chic* and Christmas Gifts *like these* fit any budget

- *Every woman wants to be alluring. She'll spend her last cent to make herself beautiful*
- *And use all her wiles to get other people to give her beautiful things*
- *This year it's easy to satisfy her big dreams for Christmas by giving her a Cutex Gift Set*
- *Even the small sets contain 7 aids to enchantment; the big ones—10*
- *The gleaming Liquid Polish alone will keep her fingertips sparkling for months!*
- *Make 1931 a Cutex Gift Set Christmas*

by Cutexpert

As a budget hound, I see no reason why the passing depression should leave women a jot or a tittle less alluring.

Au contraire! With stockbrokers and husbands all more irritable and more critical, there is an added incentive or necessity for being very, very feminine and appealing.

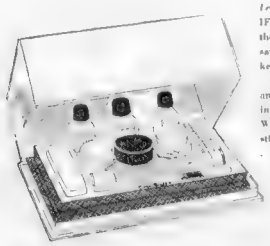
And for real female fascination of the old-fashioned variety, there's nothing like perfectly manicured fingertips—slim and provocatively gleaming.

All this points to the inevitable conclusion that the elegant and economical new Cutex Gift Sets will be on every chic Christmas List this year.

Each of the five "Sets" is described here in detail. They're marvelous. You can count on their giving a big Christmas kick, both to callow youth and years of discretion. And they contain positively every manicuring gadget you'd ever have any use for, in its latest, most effective form. Bottles with bakelite caps, for example, easy off and on, yet screw-tight, and with brush attached to cap in Polish bottles.

Now, before the rush, while your mind is still functioning no worse than normally, is the time to be *considerate* about what you put down on the list for friends and family. And perfectly *definite* about your hints as to what you would like to have in return.

Cutex Christmas Sets are tiny and compact or grand and luxurious—but *all* the prices are of the former type. They're practical and smart! What more could a lady ask? Or give?

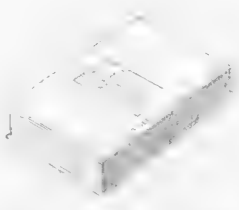


Left—
IF SHE GOES in for elegance on a limited income, the Cutex Boudoir Set in French pink and gold will satisfy her wildest dreams of bedroom luxury and keep her fingertips pretty for months.

Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, all with bakelite caps, stand up in a bakelite tray. Near-by are Cuticle Cream, Nail White, Powder Polish, emery boards, orangewood sticks, nail brush and buffer. Too complete for words . . . and cheap at $3.50—in Canada, $4.00.

Right—
WHETHER SHE PRETENDS she's going to look over the Soviet School System, or admits she's off for the gay Riviera, she'll find the Cutex Traveling Set indispensable. What it does to her personality will make men give up their seats, and greatly lessen the dangers of the customs.

All in an innocent pink and gold box that contains Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, Powder Polish, Nail White, cotton emery boards, orangewood stick and nail file—$1.50!



NORTHAM WARREN · New York · London · Paris

Cutex LUXURY MANICURE Sets 60¢ to $3.50

The House Next D B B S

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

In Our Round Godfrey Was Beside the Body, Lifting It, and I Could See Sick as I Saw How the Head Rolled Helplessly From Side to Side

Simply Brushing Hair *Now* Ends Gray Hair

Applied As You Brush Your Hair

End Those Gray Hair Handicaps!

FREE 50c BOX KLBAK SHAMPOO

CHAPTER XIII.

A Midnight Visitor

I DO not think I ever in my whole life passed such a night of torture as that which followed my discovery of poor Desmond Godfrey's body. Sometimes I would sit for a moment or two on the edge of my bed, and then I would start up and pace the floor. I had no idea what time it was when I finally undressed and got into bed, but I remember that I looked at my watch and saw that it was nearly four o'clock. I must have fallen asleep almost immediately, for I remember nothing more until I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door.

I sprang out of bed and, pulling on my dressing-gown, hurried to the door. Outside I found Inspector Mason and Sergeant Cuff.

"Sorry to disturb you, Miss Perry," said the inspector, "but I'm afraid I must ask you to come with us to the house next door."

"Has anything happened?" I asked.

"Yes—except that she was in great trouble. Miss Perry came

Face All Broken Out?

For free sample of each write Resinol Dept. X-121, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

Ask for "Ben-Gay"

Accept No Substitutes

BIRD MANNA

MAKES CANARIES SING

It has been the one dependable bird specific for more than 50 years

CAUTION — Beware of Imitations

PHILADELPHIA BIRD FOOD CO

400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa

(Continued on Page 22)

Now Simple To Really Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

Utterly Without the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Re-appearance Delayed Amazingly.

What It Is

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Or, [illegible] a tea[illegible]

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

The Newest Note in Gaytees Chic—

Just pull them on—and Go

No Snaps..No Buckles..No Fasteners

Gaytees

THE TAILORED OVERSHOES

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

WHAT OXYGEN DOES TO COFFEE FLAVOR

Scientists in a leading Eastern University have discovered that *Oxygen* is the destroyer of coffee freshness and flavor. They say: "Coffee packed in bags or in old-fashioned cans loses forty-five to sixty-five per cent of its flavor in nine days after roasting." All due to the attack of *Oxygen!*

They further state, "In the examination of cans of MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE from the regular run, varying in age from three months to two weeks, *not a trace of Oxygen was found in any can.* The samples tested by us gave *an amount of flavor which was identical with that of freshly roasted coffee!*"

At last a coffee that Oxygen cannot rob of flavor

AMAZING as it may seem, millions have missed the delightful enjoyment of full-flavored coffee. Coffee as deliciously fresh as when it comes from the roasting ovens—smoking with delectable fragrance, aroma, and goodness.

Even six months ago such coffee was practically unobtainable—for the reason that coffee packed in paper bags and old-type cans loses forty-five to sixty-five per cent of its flavor in nine short days after roasting. The cause of these flavor losses is Oxygen, which attacks coffee as soon as it leaves the roaster.

Now the new Vita-Fresh Process, perfected by Maxwell House, ends all flavor losses. It removes the air so *completely* that the most rigid chemical analysis reveals no trace of Oxygen in the Maxwell House can after sealing. Thanks to this newly invented packing method, you can enjoy full-flavored fresh coffee always.

Remember—Oxygen is the destroyer of coffee freshness and flavor. The Vita-Fresh Process *alone* gives full protection to coffee goodness. Maxwell House, and Maxwell House *only*, gives you this guarantee of full flavor, full value in every pound.

Until you have tasted Maxwell House packed by the Vita-Fresh Process you can have no idea how much coffee pleasure you have been missing. Every pound comes to you with all the smooth, mellow, full-bodied flavor of its famous Southern blend intact. You'll find it a flavor revelation.

Try it today . . . your money back if you don't say it's finer

With coffee it's not words but *taste* that counts—so we make you this sporting proposition. Ask your grocer for a pound of Maxwell House today. Serve it in your home prepared in your usual way. Then, if you and your family do not agree that it is the very finest coffee that you have ever tasted, just return the can, with unused portion, to your grocer. He is authorized by us to return promptly the full purchase price.

"MAXWELL HOUSE PLEASE"
"THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS BUY—IT GOES FURTHER BECAUSE YOU GET FULL STRENGTH IN EVERY SPOONFUL YOU USE"
FULL FLAVOR
FULL VALUE
VITA FRESH
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
HIGH GRADE
ONE POUND

FLAVOR LOSS DATES FROM THE MOMENT OF ROASTING

Oxygen attacks coffee the moment it is roasted.

Many grocers believe that they are supplying their customers with fresh, full-flavor coffee because the coffee they sell has been on their shelves but a few days. Unfortunately, this is not the case, for when coffee is not fully protected from Oxygen, flavor-loss occurs just as rapidly during the period of storage, warehousing, transit and delivery as it does on the shelf.

So remember, to be sure of full-value, full-flavor coffee, know that the coffee you buy is protected from Oxygen immediately after roasting. Maxwell House is!

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Good to the last drop

© 1931, G. F. Corp.

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

T H N D B B S

How to end *Nervousness* and

Get 8 Hours' Sleep

Utterly *Without* Drugs!

Swiss Food-Drink Brings Natural Sleep—the kind that rests you and rebuilds you

whenever you begin to [illegible] your stomach, just take [illegible] spoonfuls of Ovaltine in a [illegible] glass of warm milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach.

For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress [illegible] the cause of the trouble.

This is also one of the re[illegible] why Ovaltine [illegible] to sleep at night, for [illegible] rest is one of the [illegible] of sleeplessness.

Start to[illegible] druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. [illegible] drink [illegible] to bed.

Whatever you [illegible] made for [illegible] restful [illegible] energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

What It Is and What It Does

It is called Ovaltine—a pure [illegible]; that you take with [illegible] milk. In the [illegible] made a stan[illegible] building up [illegible] the world will do.

[illegible] Note now quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. [illegible]

[illegible] thousands of people, on doctor's advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." So

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U.S.A. according to original Swiss formula

CHAPTER XIV.

An Upsetting Discovery.

SIMMONDS looked at Chunder [illegible]

"[illegible] he [illegible] escaped me all right," he [illegible] "Looks a [illegible] didn't want [illegible] to get to him. I wonder [illegible]"

[illegible] Chunder [illegible] "Perhaps it was [illegible]"

[illegible] as calm as ever, [illegible] thumb and [illegible] right hand and [illegible] almost like a [illegible]

[illegible] That bronze [illegible] down and [illegible] neck?"

(Continued on Page 24)

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Mould A Mighty Arm
Get a 17-Inch Bicep

Complete Course 25c

Reach Out—Grasp This Special Offer

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
422 Poplar St., Dept. 27Z, Scranton, Pa.

End GRAY HAIR!
Instantly, Effectively, Safely

Guaranteed safe, no harmful ingredients
Test Bottle Only 10c
Carl Damschinsky Laboratories
Name
Street

Stop Itching Skin

Clean, soothing, invisible ZEMO brings prompt relief to itching skin. [illegible] Druggists [illegible] Extra Strength for obstinate cases [illegible]

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

New Discovery "No-Frost" Offers CHANCE TO MAKE $15 a Day PROFIT!

HERE'S an absolutely new money making idea that offers big QUICK profits. It gives you a chance to make $1.00 to $2.00 an hour in spare time. [illegible] day—helping me handle orders in your territory for No-Frost. No-Frost is a new scientific preparation that is guaranteed to keep steam, frost, ice, rain, sleet, mist and snow off auto windshields, street car windows, show windows, mirrors, etc. Think of it! Keeps glass clean, bright and clear IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER.

Big Demand in Every Locality

Van Allen Made $125 in a Single Week

SEND NO MONEY

JUST MAIL COUPON

Albert Mills, Pres., Zanol Products Co., 8356 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Name
Address
(C) Z. P. Co. (Print or Write Plainly)

Now LIBBY gives you

just the center slices

Why accept others
when *center slices*
cost you no more?

Pineapple prices are lowest in 15 years

FINEST IN FLAVOR, richest in natural tang, most uniform in texture, color, shape—that's what *center slices* of pineapple mean to you.

AND CENTER SLICES EXCLUSIVELY are what you get in Libby's. *All* of Libby's Pineapple is superb fruit . . . "the finest pineapple ever grown". Yet of that fruit only the very choicest slices are selected—center slices from two or three whole pineapples to fill a single can.

THEY BRING YOU the utmost perfection of this fruit, fully ripened in the sun. The moment you see them, the instant you taste them, you will appreciate the extra goodness held for you in just the center slices.

ASK FOR LIBBY'S Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple! Accept no other brand. Thus, without paying more, you can serve *center slices* at your table.

LIBBY'S PINEAPPLE—center slices exclusively—costs you not a penny more than ordinary kinds. And right now pineapple prices are lower than they've been in 15 years.

JUST TASTE these Libby center slices in their syrup of pineapple juice and pure cane sugar. Immediately, you'll appreciate the difference. Your grocer has Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple or can easily get it for you. So let your family enjoy this finer kind. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Honolulu, Hawaii.

A "great idea" Christmas gift—inexpensive, too

The House N D B B S

SORE, ACHING BACK?

Painful lame back and ... of Sloan's ... out that terrible pain ... Only 35¢

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Life's FUN when you FEEL right!

Clear the poisons from your body . . . stop feeling half-alive—

Find out today about SAL HEPATICA!

Are you one of the people who lets everybody else get the joy out of life while you just drag around? Then find out today about Sal Hepatica!

Get rid of the poisons and wastes that are clogging your system, and begin to get a new view on things! Nobody feels right unless he's *internally clean*.

Instead of envying other people their health and sparkle, take the Saline Treatment with Sal Hepatica, and feel fit *yourself*.

You'll be able to enjoy life with the rest of them and the best of them. You'll get back that old joy of living—and look the part, too!

Today—go over to your drug store and get a bottle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning, first thing, stir a teaspoon or so of the salts into a glass of fresh water—and drink down the sparkling, bubbling mixture.

Sal Hepatica [illegible] It's a [illegible] does the waters of the [illegible] and their wealthy patrons [illegible] health.

Sal Hepatica does much more than ordinary laxatives. It [illegible] the liver, too. It tones up the whole [illegible] the causes of headaches, colds, [illegible], complexion blemishes, rheumatism. Sal Hepatica never has a tendency to make its users stout. It sends the fresh blood, cleaned of poisons, through your veins and makes you feel *fit* and look *fine*. Get a bottle today.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SALTS IN THE REDUCING DIET!

[illegible] Sal Hepatica [illegible]

CONSTIPATION

[illegible]

HEADACHE

[illegible]

COLDS

The sure way to stop a cold and avoid the [illegible] is to drink a glass of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Then [illegible] the use of Sal Hepatica each morning before breakfast to keep your system free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION

[illegible] week or two [illegible] you may find it necessary.

RHEUMATISM

[illegible] water before [illegible]

SAL HEPATICA 30¢. 60¢. $1.20

© [illegible] American Weekly Inc. Great B[illegible]

Christmas Gift Suggestions

The Crosley
LITTLEFELLA

$36.36

Complete With Tubes And Dynamic Speaker

Pentode Output . . Variable Mu . . Tone Control . . Illuminated Dial . . Full Size Dynamic Speaker

The Ideal Gift for *Every* Member of the Family . . .

The Crosley LITTLEFELLA a new and amazing 8 tube Pentode . . . Dynamic Speaker . . . in the lowest priced standard set ever built by THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION . . . a set that is the equal in every way of many sets selling for twice as much . . . a set that will bring in distant stations with real DX ease . . . Illuminated Dial . . . Tone Control . . . Variable Mu Pentode . . . Beautifully Shielded . . . Genuine Bakelite Case . . . Automatic Volume Control and On-Off Switch . . . Full Floating Moving Coil Dynamic Speaker . . . Exquisite Walnut and Ebony 7 ply Veneered Cabinet . . . Size 14 inches wide and 9 inches deep.

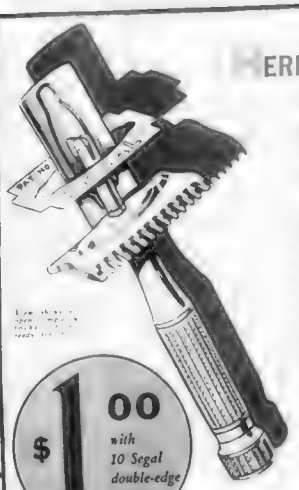
8 TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE
With Push-Pull Pentode Output

10 TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE
With Meter Tuning

No matter where you live, there's a Crosley near you

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., President — CINCINNATI — Home of "The Nation's Station"—WLW

CROSLEY RADIO

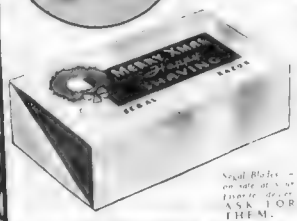


ERE IS THE IDEAL GIFT FOR DAD, BROTHER, SWEETHEART, FRIEND

Costs but $1—yet they won't part with it for a hundred!

No man who shaves . . . no matter how many times he changes his mind . . . no matter how many razors he already has . . . can resist the Segal one-piece Razor and 10 Segal double-edge Blades. And just as soon as he puts one of these keen blades in the Segal and finds that really shaves better than any razor he ever had . . . he'll be glad you gave him the Segal. The Segal one-piece Razor . . . the ideal gift . . . no shaving elements . . . safety razor made . . . nothing else like it . . . Wafer-thin blade . . . nothing else like it . . . Blade ejector on side of handle . . . nothing else like it . . . Blade adjustment . . . nothing else like it . . . and below cost. Segal Razor . . . double-edge Blades . . . complete . . . the ideal gift . . . most delightful gift you can give . . . most delightful gift you can get . . . most delightful gift you can receive . . . the most delightful gift of all.

$1.00 with 10 Segal double-edge Blades



Segal Blades on sale at 5 and 10c stores. ASK FOR THEM.

SEGAL RAZOR

Segal Safety Razor Co., 571 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.
Please send me ... Segal Razor(s) at $1.00 each, postpaid, with ... Segal double-edge Blades. Money refunded if not satisfied after 10 days' use.
Name
Address
City

TO ACCELERATE CHRISTMAS CHEER GIVE A SET OF

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPIONS MAKE ALL ENGINES BETTER PERFORMING ENGINES

ONLY $5 *including* Parker Pen, Pencil, Quink, Pen-Taper, Leads, Gift Box

For Christmas, Parker offers
Complete Writing Ensemble

At the price of Pen and Pencil Alone

Other Ensembles $5 to $15

Parker Pen, Pencil, Quink . . .

*Leads are inside of pen.

Parker Duofold $5 - $7 - $10

Good Time

By James Waddell Drawbell

By Eleanor Nagel Herod
Peggy Hone She Pressed Her Head Against Her Arm and Let Her Tears Flow Unchecked

...reproached him; but ...kept her ...kept on guessing for ... a while. Peggy." He ... pleased began to ... never to carry one ... long enough to a ... for you can't escape ... nature." Nature will ... soon ... and it needed ... ask you how you need it."

... wrong ... head on his arm ... right! ... trying to hurt me ... saying these things ... He grasped the ... with his ... you can prove ... coming with me ... Anita ... her hand strength-

(Continued on Page 29)

Cornmeal for Heartier Breakfasts

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

... Efficiency.

"I have to be kind to my throat"

"I've tried several brands of cigarettes but I prefer Luckies. I smoke them regularly as I have to be kind to my throat. I learned this from my previous stage experience. **Your improved Cellophane wrapper is splendid. A flip of the tab and it's open.**"

May Francis

★Is Miss Francis' Statement Paid For?

You may be interested to know that not one cent was paid to Miss Francis to make the above statement. Miss Francis has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 5 years. We hope the public by herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Warner Bros., her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

When **Kay Francis** left the stage and enlisted in the Hollywood army, pictures got a great recruit! The tall brunette beauty was a great success on her film debut, and she's charged along to even bigger things. She is one of **Warner Bros.'** brightest stars.

* * * * * *

Made of the finest tobaccos—The Cream of many Crops—LUCKY STRIKE alone offers the throat protection of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process which includes the use of modern Ultra Violet Rays—the process that expels certain harsh, biting irritants naturally present in every tobacco leaf. These expelled irritants are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. "They're out—so they can't be in!" No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and Walter Winchell, whose gossip finds [illegible] every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

Copr. 1931 The American Tobacco Co.

MOISTURE-PROOF CELLOPHANE

Sealed Tight—Ever Right

The Unique Humidor Package

Zip—And it's open!

See the new notched tab on the top of the package. Hold down one half with your thumb. Tear off the other half. Simple. Quick. Zip! That's all. Unique! Wrapped in dust-proof, moisture-proof, germ-proof Cellophane. Clean, protected, neat, FRESH!—what could be more modern than LUCKIES' improved Humidor package—so easy to open! *Ladies—the LUCKY TAB is—your finger nail protection.*

STEER CLEAR OF
COLDS
THIS MODERN WAY

Jo Pineoleum daily—the modern oil treatment that inhibits cold germs! Doctors recommend it. All druggists sell it. Use with spray or dropper.
Pineoleum, *with nebulizer spray* $1.00
Pineoleum, *large, for refill* . . 1.00
Pineoleum, *with medicine dropper* .50

PINEOLEUM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SORE THROAT

FIVE minutes after you rub on Musterole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment *once every hour for five hours* and you'll be astonished at the relief.

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a "*counter-irritant*"—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

LIGHT OF EGYPT
This Book LOANED to You
A NEW PSYCHOLOGY
The Secrets of the Ancient Rosicrucians

Whatever may be your dreams for the future, or your obstacles at present, the Rosicrucians (sincerely) will give you mastership over self and your conditions. In every land thousands have proved this.

Develop Your Latent Abilities

If you are a sincere worker for a better life and willing to study and evolve daily, you may have a FREE copy of this private book, postage prepaid. Write a letter, not a post card, asking for it.

LIBRARIAN B. Z. Y.
ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
San Jose (Amorc) Calif.

Old Money and stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $7.00 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $146 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

WILL PAY $100 FOR DIME
1894 S Mint, $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
Dept. 119 FORT WORTH, TEXAS

CRAYOLA
Large Box Con Fetti Colors (U.S.)

CHILDREN STOP COUGHING
Coughing harms children's throats. F&F gives quick, safe relief. Soothes irritated throat membranes. Stops the tickle. F&F is effective and safe. Relief guaranteed. Ideal for night coughing, sore throat and hoarseness. Millions prefer F&F because they want results.

F&F COUGH LOZENGES

ADVERTISEMENT.

Doctor Brings Joy to Skin Sufferers

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, scales, eruptions, rashes and many other skin afflictions yields to Dr. Dennis' pure, cooling, liquid antiseptic D. D. D. Prescription. Brings quick and joyous relief. Penetrates the skin, soothing and healing the inflamed tissues. Clear and stainless—dries up almost immediately. Try D. D. D. Prescription today. The first application does not stop the most intense itching—money back. 75c, 60c, $1.25. All druggists.

STOPS FALLING HAIR
Millions of Men and Women Use This Delightful Hair Treatment

THE cause of undernourished hair or falling hair due to Dandruff can be corrected. Lucky Tiger, a positive germ-killer, brings new life to inactive hair follicles. A singular application stops itching.

LUCKY TIGER
The World's largest selling hair preparation. At all Barbers and Druggists. 50c and $1.00 sizes.

YOU are reading one of the 5,500,000 copies of this issue of The American Weekly, the world's greatest magazine.

Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Double Page)

one of our female agents to sit beside the poor girl, in case her ravings should give us some clue?"

"Willingly — for the moment she is in a comatose condition, but as soon as the inflammation abates somewhat I will telephone."

Bertillon rose to conduct our visitor to the door and as he did so a sudden gleam came to his eyes.

"By the way—are there any physical outward signs, any stigmata by which you can recognize a sleep-walker, or a person exceptionally sensitive to mesmeric suggestion?"

At the question I leapt to my feet. I knew then what my brain had been trying to understand, but the doctor's reply was disappointing.

"Medical science has discovered nothing as yet that could be termed a certain sign. A retreating chin, a vacillating will, all these things are deceptive. The most rebellious patient I ever had, hypnotically speaking, of course, was a man who appeared to possess no will at all, a perfect milksop in fact; yet even the great Charcot could do nothing with him. No, the hypnotic complex is too subtle for superficial analysis."

"I thought I'd found an explanation for those stolen portraits," my chief said despondently, coming back to his table. "It seems I'm wrong, however. Nevertheless, I'm certain there is a connecting link, and I'll prove it yet. Eleven people on the list, eh? Well, every one shall be watched night and day. You shall become Vertegras' bodyguard, Dr. Hoffmeyer can arrange that. Never lose sight of your charge. Thus, sooner or later we'll catch these occultists or whatever they are, off their guard."

So, it came about that two days later I entered the large gray town house of Ferdinand Vertegras, the fashionable painter of statesmen and debutantes, to the servants ostensibly as secretary, while the man himself believed me to be a male nurse sent by Dr. Hoffmeyer, who had suggested to the painter that he might prefer it should not be known he was ill.

I soon discovered that Vertegras was in a state of suppressed terror. He started at the slightest sound, and became pale as death, if, when glancing into a mirror, he caught sight of a mirror or a servant behind him. During the first two days I merely took stock of the inmates in the old-fashioned house, for I had little else to do. But at night, ensconced in an armchair behind a curtain, I watched the door of the painter's bedroom. Thus I was ready to follow when one morning, shortly after two o'clock, he came creeping out, arrayed in rough dark clothes, and quickly slipped downstairs and into the street.

I had not expected a car to be waiting for him, however, and when he leapt rather than mounted into this, to be instantly whisked away, I could do nothing but watch for his return, and just before dawn he stumbled from the same car and hurried to his room. Until then all his movements had been strangely alert and full of purpose, but when, just as the first gray streaks of daylight filtered through the windows I tip-toed silently into the bed-chamber, of which the door had remained ajar, I found him plunged in deep sleep. I hastily collected the clothes he had flung over the chair and the shoes beneath it, and spent several hours examining them. At ten I carried the result of my work to Bertillon.

"Vertegras was taken to a house surrounded by oaks and beeches, of that there can be no doubt." I concluded my report; "As you see, there were traces of red clay, several crushed leaves, and also some tiny fragments of flesh and skin on his shoes, probably from a frog or toad on which he had stepped. He walked through ferns and blackberry bushes, since some microscopic particles of both adhered to the lower part of the trousers, and he must have stooped and entered a tunnel, a summer house or a shed, for on his right shoulder, trailing from the collar, were shreds of spiders' webs, which I have identified. They belong to the species known as Teufana Grossa, a spider that always prefers the dark, and to the Linyphia, a small active spider only found in the north of France and in damp places."

"Very clear," my chief said sarcastically. "But it would have been better had you followed Vertegras to this house. I realize, of course, that you could not foresee the waiting car. Be prepared next time, however. A fete is announced for tonight at the Elysee Hotel. The American millionaire, Hiram P. Vanvelde, is the host, and Vertegras has been invited, as also Bandah Singh. I sense a connection. Do not lose sight of him during the evening."

It was not a simple task my chief had given me, as I was supposed to be only an assistant of Dr. Hoffmeyer; the more so since Vertegras had subtly altered since the preceding night. How can I hope to convey some idea of this change? His aristocratic face and dreamy eyes that were usually so kindly had assumed an expression of low cunning impossible to define. How this metamorphosis had been brought about I could not conceive, but it was as though an inexpressibly evil intelligence had abruptly expelled the painter's soul and was now controlling his nerves and muscles. I was compelled to resort to disguise and to obtain admission to the ball under an assumed name.

Yet, despite my vigilance, soon after midnight Vertegras vanished, and almost at once voices raised in anger sounded from the ball room. Apparently half of the guests had lost some pieces of jewelry, even the famous emeralds the hostess had worn had been cleverly taken from her neck. I had arranged for Rousseau to wait for me in a car not far from the house, and we spent the rest of the night searching the roads leading out of Paris, but no sign of the painter did we see, nor did he re-appear at his home the next morning. With heavy heart I could only report failure. Bertillon looked up with a grim smile as I entered his office.

"I realize how difficult it was for you to constantly watch a man in a crowded ballroom. Vertegras has just been found—or rather, I should say, his mangled body has been discovered. Apparently a car knocked him down. His pockets were full of jewelry, the least valuable, of course—the pearls and emeralds have disappeared. That he carried them to this hidden retreat in the woods is evident, for his shoes and clothes bear similar traces to those you analyzed before. I feel convinced the unfortunate man was murdered, and the smaller pieces of jewelry stuffed into his pockets in order to make it obvious that he was the thief. The creatures who used the poor fellow as a catspaw hope thus to convince us that an investigation is superfluous. It shows at least they do not suspect we are on their track.

"I want you to go at once to Professor Gonzales, the famous psychologist. By a rare piece of good luck he is in Paris. It seems Perez del Monte, the fellow who bought the portraits, was once his laboratory assistant. Ask the professor if he thinks these portraits somehow make it possible for the criminals to select those they intend to use, for that is what I believe. Tell him the whole story, he is to be trusted."

Professor Gonzales listened to my explanation with set, grave face.

"Fortunately, senor, I can help you," he said, when I had concluded. "For many years now I have studied the human features, and the result of my experiments is the triple personality chart which I evolved after much labor. I will explain briefly what I mean by that. You know, of course, that every human face is more or less asymmetrical, and that this irregularity is quite definitely divided into two halves. I discovered that the right side of a face expresses the conscious—the left the subconscious. If now you cut through a full-face portrait lengthwise, each half of the face is the embodiment of a distinct personality, and the two united form our ego, which means we are not dual, but triple beings. The conscious or dominant, which contains the will; the subconscious or hereditary, which by itself almost belongs to the astral plane of the spiritualists and is easily swayed by external influences; and finally the complex being that results when those two are combined.

"To make this clear I duplicated and reversed each half of the portraits on which I experimented, and by joining a reversed left side to a normal left and in similar fashion a right to a right I obtained three distinct faces. The right is a clear picture of that true character which we all carry inside our skulls, and the left the emotive spiritual entity. Here, for instance, is the triple portrait of Simone Pinetti, a notorious criminal. His normal face is not very interesting, but look at the reconstructed dominant! See the brute, the gorilla! And now his left—what is it but the face of a mental weakling? Ah, you start, senor—terrifying, is it not?

"Here again is another. The astral face is that of a mystic, a face without a will, easily swayed, while the dominant is that of a bully. I did not dream, however, that malefactors would use my discovery one day in order to single out those men and women who could be dominated and compelled to obey orders of their masters."

I could not repress a shiver as I examined the uncanny faces these analytical portraits produced; at last part of the diabolical plot was becoming clear.

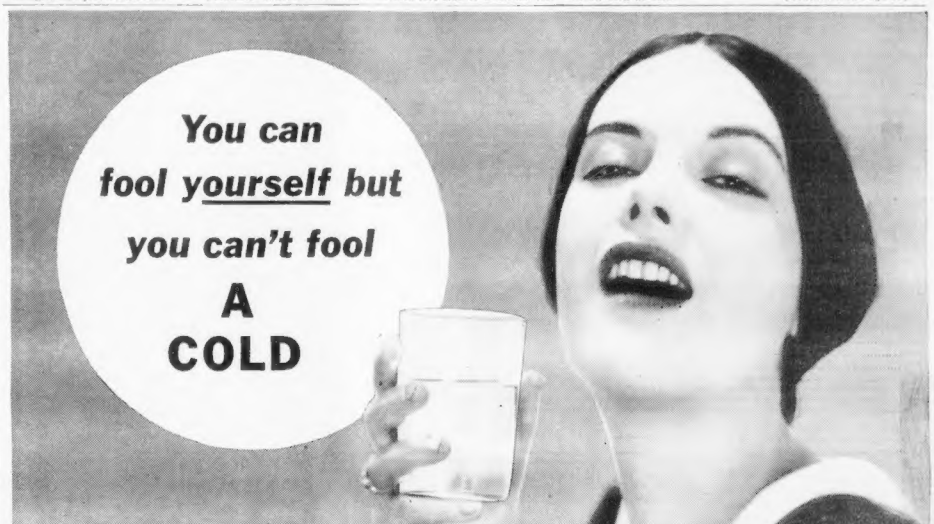
"How do you think, professor, that these people can control their victims as though they were machines?" I asked aghast. For a time Professor Gonzales was silent, then he said:

"You have read Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?" No, do not frown, I mention the book merely to make you understand. A drug was it not, eliminated either the beast or the angel in man, as Stevenson described it. Well, I fancy that with the help of some drug—Indian hemp would serve—he eliminates the dominant in those men and women whose subconscious is exceptionally weak, and thereupon hypnotize them. All this must sound like the wildest fantasy to you. To me, who have spent a lifetime probing into the dark, unexplored potentialities of the human mind, it appears quite feasible. Why, for instance, does the moon attract and influence a man while he sleeps and not when he is awake? Because during sleep the will—the dominant—is absent. You can explain it in no other way."

I took leave of the professor with my brain in a whirl, but before returning to Bertillon I obtained copies of the photographs which figured on our list. Those I cut and reconstructed in the manner the professor had shown me, and the result was amazing. Mad as it had seemed, Professor Gonzales was right.

(Continued on Page 28)

You can fool yourself but you can't fool A COLD



Gargle...Gargle...Gargle

You gargle grimly on. Why does your throat stay sore? Why does that cold hang on?

Don't waste dollars on antiseptics that must be used full strength. We've discovered a new antiseptic that, even when diluted with two parts of water, kills germs in 10 *seconds*

MILLIONS of garglers are wasting their time on weak and ineffective antiseptics. Stop gargling long enough to consider this: If you mix your mouth wash with water—as 3 out of 4 do—you *must* use one that kills germs when diluted. Then, and only then, have you a right to expect relief from sore throats or winter colds.

BAD BREATH
(Halitosis*)
Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when fighting colds and sore throats. For at the same time it overcomes breath odors. Tests show that *P. A. checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than any other leading mouth antiseptic.*

A radical new antiseptic discovery

Modern research laboratories have thrown away the old ideas on killing germs.

Now there's a revolutionary antiseptic on the market—Pepsodent Antiseptic. Its formula is a radical advance. It climaxes the best antiseptic study of 50 years. A germ-killing agent is employed unlike those now in use. It makes Pepsodent Antiseptic from 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics, depending on which one you use.

Kills germs in 10 *seconds diluted with* 2 *parts of water*

That is the startling news in this new discovery. Think! You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with one or even two parts of water, to suit your taste, and it still kills germs in ten seconds. That's where other leading mouth antiseptics fail. Yet in spite of all that power, Pepsodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon this new antiseptic is in your fight against winter colds!

New security against bad breath

And please remember when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic for colds you are doing double duty by also fighting bad breath. For Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer! That's Pepsodent Antiseptic's record in fighting this widespread social offense due to unhygienic mouth conditions. Immediately after use—95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs is still reduced by 80%. That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

$3 worth for $1—regardless of size

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix such antiseptics with water is a waste of money. Contrariwise, Pepsodent Antiseptic can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. Thus Pepsodent Antiseptic goes 3 times as far—saves you $2 for every $1 you spend. Pepsodent Antiseptic comes in 3 sizes: 3 ounces for 25 cents—7 ounces for 50 cents—16 ounces for $1. The larger the size, the more for your money.

Combating a cold and checking bad breath are only two uses for this remarkable antiseptic. There are scores of other uses. Some are listed on this page. Learn to rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic whenever a safe, effective germ-killing agent is required. Keep it in the home. Take it with you when you travel.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern Antiseptic

Cold in Head	After Extractions
Throat Irritations	**After Shaving**
Voice Hoarseness	**Minor Cuts**
Bad Breath	Blisters
Cold Sores	**Loose Dandruff**
Canker Sores	Checks Under-Arm Perspiration
Mouth Irritations	**Tired, Aching Feet**

New Standard Dictionary Definition:
**Halitosis* — a malodorous condition of the breath.*

Pepsodent Antiseptic

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COLDS EARN NO MONEY

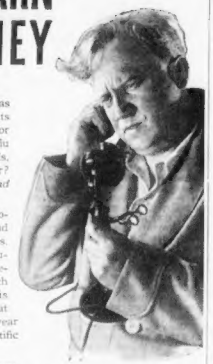

FIGURE it out for yourself as a matter of dollars-and-cents economy. Which will it be for you this winter—colds . . . flu . . . grippe . . . doctor's bills, lost time and job in danger? Or sensible precautions *ahead of time?*

Give yourself the sensible protection that avoids colds and all their costly consequences. Examine for yourself (see coupon below) a piece of the special health fabric from which DUOFOLD underwear is made. And you will realize that DUOFOLD is not just underwear but, instead, is modern, scientific *health protection.*

To fight off colds, doctors say, avoid chilling moisture on the surface of the skin, and keep body temperature up to normal. That is what DUOFOLD, and DUOFOLD alone, is scientifically constructed to do. The *only* fabric in *two thin layers.* Wool combined with Peruvian cotton, rayon, or silk, in the outer layer for warmth. . . . Inner layer of smooth, comfortable cotton, with its superior ability to absorb the moisture that collects on the skin after exercise or when leaving a hot room, car, bus or train. Even if it cost *twice* as much DUOFOLD would still be the greatest possible health *economy.*

Best dealers everywhere feature DUOFOLD. Made in all popular styles.

In addition to sample of cloth, coupon brings valuable booklet by Dr. Damrau on colds and their prevention. Read it! You can profit by it this winter! Mail the coupon today.

Colds cost more than
Duofold
Health *Underwear*

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.,
Dept. LA, Mohawk, N. Y.
Send Dr. Damrau's Booklet on Colds, and samples of Duofold Fabric. (FREE).

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
Occupation .....

Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Page 27)

Bertillon saw at once by my pale and horrified face that something extraordinary had occurred.

"I can tell you right now," I exclaimed, "who the next victims of this gang will be. Jean de Royers, secretary to the Ministry of War, and Madame Deroulede, wife of the Arctic explorer," and I laid two sets of pictures before my chief. He studied these attentively while I explained the Spaniard's extraordinary theory.

"Who can be the monster who discovered how to use an anarchist for his own ends?" he muttered at last. "Day and night, every one of the nine persons remaining on our list must be watched and guarded. Rousseau, Louys, Colbert and yourself shall shadow Jean de Royers. As for Madame Deroulede, I'll send some of our female agents to watch her. Lose no time, go to de Royers at once, we do not know when they may strike again."

"They—?" Rousseau queried. "You have no clue to their identity yet, monsieur?"

"Not to all—I suspect the Marquis de Terravanti, and I feel sure Bandah Singh and Perez, the photographer, are members of that occult organization. With the Indian, is a Malay known as Simi Simi; and a young German, Wollstein by name, who was once a pupil of Haeckel, the evolutionist, according to Professor Gonzales, who has just telephoned. Wollstein also studied this photo-analytical process in Buenos Aires. But who the actual leader may be I cannot say."

"But I can," Rousseau replied grimly. "It is Hanoi Shan, the Spider. Pegroit, once a drug peddler and since turned informer, gave me the tip that many valuable pearls have lately found their way to the fences, and they were brought by young Chinese. Pegroit says their leader is a twisted horrible Asiatic, who lurks in the dark because his eyes cannot bear the light of day."

Bertillon's features twitched with excitement. "That explains much, he is indeed, capable of weaving such a web. Go away with you then, but be on your guard," he continued.

From that moment two of us were constantly on the heels of the young aristocrat, Jean de Royers. From choice Rousseau and I worked together, dressed as a taxi driver, I sat at the wheel of a speedy car, while Rousseau patroled the street in the uniform of a policeman. In this guise neither was likely to arouse suspicion.

A whole week passed uneventfully. Every morning, when we relieved Colbert and Louys, they reported that the young man had returned from his work at the usual hour and had not gone out. The telephone exchange had also been warned and all calls to and from the house were noted. Moreover, the post office submitted all letters to us before they were delivered to de Royers. It was an unpleasant task to spy thus on a man who was no criminal, but the end justified the means.

Yet even these elaborate precautions would have been insufficient had luck not favored us.

One evening while waiting for my colleague to appear, Rousseau came slouching along, hard on the heels of a handsome, dark-eyed and fashionably dressed woman. I jumped from my car and entered the house in time to hear the girl ask the concierge to be directed to de Royers' apartment. When she learned that he was not at home, she made her way to a neighboring post office and reported her failure to see the young man by telephone, whereupon a queer voice ordered her to leave a written message. Fortunately the post office was small, and while the switchboard operator, acting on my instructions, kept the girl at the instrument, I was able to slip a sheet of paper and a carbon under the only blotting pad on a public desk before she came out of the telephone booth. As I had foreseen, she bought a letter-card from an employe, wrote her message at once, and carried it to the concierge with a generous tip to insure its immediate delivery. The carbon under the pad had faithfully reproduced the missive, which was short and purposely banal.

"Bridge party tonight at eleven, do not fail to come. Car at corner. Alice."

When Colbert and Louys arrived, we obtained a second vehicle while Rousseau exchanged his uniform for rough inconspicuous clothes, and at eleven o'clock when M. de Royers climbed into a large gray touring car that had waited before his house, we were able to follow unperceived. The drive was long and unpleasant, for we had no lights showing and the speed of the gray automobile was terrific. At last, however, we saw that our quarry had entered a narrow lane leading to an outflung belt of trees near the forest of Ville d'Avray. To our surprise de Royers and the driver left their car under a hedge and proceeded on foot across a wide stretch of open moor, with here and there a patch of furze and trailing thorny bushes. We kept as close as we dared, tearing our hands and faces in the dark, since a wan red moon compelled us to stoop for fear we should be seen against the skyline. Suddenly Rousseau, who was in front, stopped and held up his hand.

"They've vanished," he whispered hoarsely, "and there's not even a hut in sight."

"Wait awhile to make sure they're not hiding, then we'll explore the ground with our lamps," I said, "there's a tunnel or something here. I expected as much."

Half an hour passed in complete silence, nothing moved on the moor, and the cold damp caused us to shiver, as though in premonition of coming events. At last I gave the signal to advance, and we had not gone far before our lights revealed a circular pit much like a sand quarry. On one side, overhanging bushes masked some crumbling steps, and behind a cunningly jumbled heap of broken beams and rusting wheels, was the entrance to a long, narrow shaft.

"We'll not explore this now," I said, "the risk is too great. The direction is east or north. The first house we come to across the moor will probably be their lair. I will return to headquarters for orders while you stay and watch both house and tunnel."

As soon as he understood what was afoot Bertillon joined me at the Quai des Orfevres, and an hour later five cars, carrying gendarmes armed with carbines, were on their way to Ville d'Avray. Rousseau met us at the St. Cloud bridge, for a motor cyclist had been dispatched to warn him of the impending raid.

"There is only one building within a mile of the spot where the tunnel begins," he informed Bertillon. "It is a dilapidated place, and supposed to be tenanted only by an old couple, who never stir out. At the back is a high wall abutting on the slope of the upper village. Unless the tunnel leads to a vault these people meet there. Entry will not be easy from the front. The windows command the moor."

"Very well, we will surround the house and enter by means of ladders from the back, while some of the gendarmes explore the tunnel. Has de Royers reappeared?" said Bertillon.

"No one has been seen. Outwardly the place is silent and deserted."

Soon, police were ensconced in holes and behind bushes all about the building, while we gathered at the rear in the shadow of the wall. We waited anxiously until the brigadier of gendarmes reported that the tunnel sloped upwards and that it ended finally at a massive iron door, which, owing to the cramped space, could not be wrenched open with levers.

"Post men in the pit then, ready to capture those who emerge," Bertillon said crisply. "We shall rush the front in ten minutes."

Ladders were placed against the wall and at the agreed signal we tumbled into the small garden and attacked the door. At once the ruined building woke into life. Shots cracked, lights flashed from the windows, and savage curses greeted us as the door fell. Rousseau was one of the first inside and dashed immediately up the stairs followed by Colbert and myself. Some kind of orgy had been in progress in a large rambling hall on the first floor, and a dozen men and women stupefied with drugs sprawled on cushions. At our advent a group of ruffians, crouching near the single window, scattered and disappeared down a long passage. Among them I had recognised the humped, deformed shape of the Spider and with a triumphant yell I leapt on his back as Rousseau seized his feet, bringing us to the ground in a snarling, struggling heap.

I felt the bite of a knife in my shoulder, then the handcuffs snapped shut, and thus at last we had him. Meanwhile the others were rounded up singly and in pairs and taken to the police van, but Hanoi Shan we bound to a table for fear that even then he might escape.

The house, we discovered, had passages leading to a shop in an adjoining street, and in a room above the shop we found the unfortunate de Royers strapped to a chair. A huge parabolical mirror, in which the rays of several powerful lamps came to a focus, had been so placed that a dazzling shaft of light struck full in his eyes. He appeared unable to move his head and was, moreover, dazed from the stifling fumes of Indian hemp, glowing and sizzling on a brazier by his side. As we sprang forward to untie the poor devil a shot cracked from a corner and de Royers gave a start and a low moan, and that pitiful sound was the passing of his soul, for the bullet had pierced his heart. Simultaneously with the dreadful sound came a thud and screams from the street, and when I rushed downstairs Bandah Singh was lying huddled on the cobbles. It was he who had murdered de Royers and then taken his own life.

"What did you do to these men and women?" Bertillon thundered of Hanoi Shan. Slowly his horrible basilisk eyes flickered from one to the other of us and those who encountered the gaze shivered. It seemed to me that an icy fluid was trickling down my spine, so cruel, baleful were those eyes.

"You've got me for once," he croaked, "but don't imagine you'll keep me long. Heaven help you when I get loose again," and with that his lips set in a stony smile, nor would he speak another word.

When, at last, we had completed our search of the rambling house, we had ample proof that Professor Gonzales had not been mistaken. Not only was there also a photographic dark room, were the reconstructed pictures of nine, all taken from every walk of life, and on the cards on which they were mounted were detailed reports, dealing with their habits, their associates and whether or no they could be hypnotized. Wollstein, the German, whom we had also expected, confessed that the Spider used drugs and the huge rotating mirrors to paralyze a victim's conscious will, and that afterward Bandah Singh resorted to some peculiar process of mesmerism. Most of the poor creatures were dirt fed to become drug addicts at parties given in the many houses the organization owned, and this made them more pliable to post-mesmeric suggestion.

Large sums of money and many jewels were also discovered in various hiding places.

Madame Cavalla never recovered completely, and we obtained no definite explanation of her presence on the jeweler's premises, although it was obvious she, too, had acted as investigation of the Spider, while in a semi-conscious state.

Most of the captured men were sent to penal servitude for life, even Hanoi Shan, despite the countless murders which he had caused to be committed, was only sentenced to spend the rest of his days at Noumea, for the doctors who examined him were of the opinion that the man was undoubtedly insane.

A month after his arrival at New Caledonia he escaped from the camp with three convicts—a negro and two Frenchmen—seized a small trading schooner in the night and got clear away. I must confess that a shudder of dread invaded my nerves when I learned that once again Hanoi Shan was at large.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Flowers in Alaska

IMAGINE a land where green grass shows itself all Winter where roses bloom outdoors many seasons until Christmas, where English daisies and primroses are seen in January; where crocuses appear in March. Does the picture suggest arctic ice and fathomless drifts of snow?

Yet it is an accurate portrayal of the climate of the thousands of miles of coastline stretching from British Columbia to the Aleutian Islands wherein lives the bulk of Alaskan population says Nature Magazine. During the Winter of 1926-27 not an inch of snow fell, but heavy rains supplied, some months, a total of thirty inches of water.

In such a climate it is only to be expected that rich flower growth will usher in the Spring. The very first blossom to make its yearly debut is the red huckleberry, which appears about April 5. The waxy pink and white bells, almost the shape of the lily of the valley, arrive before the leaves, and are decorative. Their nectar is food for the hummingbirds that pass through in late April by the dozens on their way north, and their berries are well known from Oregon to the Aleutians.

The most spectacular Spring flower is the skunk cabbage, Alaska lily. It is the most decorative of all the early bloomers, but unfortunately its well-known and ridiculed odor precludes its use as a cut flower.

Another April product is the white marsh marigold, a handsome white flower sometimes as large as a silver dollar. Its foliage is like that of the familiar yellow cowslip and grows in much the same manner; the root is thick, irregular and quite like wild ginseng.

An early May bloom is the dainty jump-up or yellow violet, of varied habitat and likely to be found almost anywhere. About the same time that Johnny appears, the small shooting star is found along the coast.

SLEEPLESSNESS USUALLY MEANS POISONS INSIDE YOU! ✣ CLEAN THEM OUT WITH YEAST

Can't Sleep. Lack of proper rest seriously endangers health. Doctors say the trouble is usually . . .

Right Here. Intestinal Fatigue is usually the cause of poisons that seep into your blood and cause wakefulness, "that tired feeling," etc.

3 CAKES of yeast daily clear away body poisons, insure restful sleep.

Trouble gone! Sleep will be sound and refreshing when you keep intestines clean with yeast!

© 1931, Standard Brands Incorporated

If you DON'T SLEEP WELL...*read this*

Sleeplessness is usually a sign you're absorbing intestinal poisons!

ONE o'clock . . . two o'clock . . . three o'clock. Tossing and turning—far into the night . . .

If you sleep fitfully . . . if you wake up tired and unrefreshed . . . the place to look for the cause is right inside your own body!

* * *

Now in the vast majority of cases, doctors say, wakefulness is just another symptom of a very old, familiar trouble . . . *a sluggish, unclean condition of your intestines!*

In cases of intestinal sluggishness, accumulated waste matter is not eliminated from your system regularly.

As a result, stagnation occurs. Poisons filter into your blood and circulate all through your body. You notice the effects in headaches and "nerves," in bad breath, indigestion, and—in all probability—in nights of broken, restless sleep.

So don't resort to drugs to make you sleep. Get at the *cause* of your trouble. Correct Intestinal Fatigue!

For that purpose doctors, for over seventy-five years, have recommended a very simple method. *Every day, their advice is, eat three cakes of fresh yeast.*

A food, Fleischmann's fresh Yeast has the remarkable power to "tone" and strengthen your entire digestive and intestinal tract. In addition, it moistens and softens the waste masses that accumulate in your body every day. Thus, regular, complete removal of poisonous matter is brought about. Clean, healthy blood flows through your system. Your appetite picks up. Your tongue clears.

And when night comes you sleep like a top, to wake up energetic, clear-eyed—fit!

Doesn't it sound sensible? And *easy?* Just eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day, regularly—a cake before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

Don't put it off. Start to eat Fleischmann's Yeast now!

Mrs. M. F. Patterson, *of New York City,* writes: "I was troubled with stomach trouble and insomnia. A friend recommended Fleischmann's Yeast to me, and I ate three cakes a day. As a result, I slept much better. It's wonderful for indigestion, too. And my friends marvel at the energy I have now."

Important — Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D.

Eat FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for Health*

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Pyrex

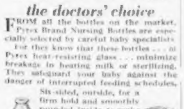
NURSING BOTTLES

the doctors' choice

FROM all the bottles on the market, Pyrex Brand Nursing Bottles are especially selected by careful baby specialists for they know that these bottles . . . of Pyrex heat-resisting glass . . . minimize breakage in heating milk or sterilizing. They safeguard your baby against the danger of interrupted feeding schedules.

Slip-sided, outside, for a firm hold and smoothly rounded, inside, to make cleaning easy. Ounces and half-ounces plainly marked. The 8-oz. size, narrow neck or wide mouth, 25c. The 4-oz. size, narrow neck, 15c.

"Pyrex" is the registered trade mark of Corning Glass Works, and indicates their manufacture of heat-resisting glass.



Have You Tried SAUERKRAUT *This Way?*

Sauerkraut, a popular food in European countries for centuries, is now recognized by Americans as one of the most luscious, healthful and economical additions to their menus. *15 cents worth will feed from 4 to 6 persons.* Many still think of preparing it only one way—with sparerib or pigs knuckles. But there are many other delightful Sauerkraut combinations. Let us suggest this recipe—a tried one:

KRAUT AND POTATOES

Boil beef shank potatoes, season with salt, pepper and butter. Cook kraut for thirty minutes and drain. Put a layer of kraut in a buttered baking dish. Dot with bits of butter and cover with a layer of potatoes. Continue alternating layers of kraut and potatoes until all is used. There should be equal parts of kraut and potato. Cover with cracker crumbs and bits of butter and bake in moderate oven for 45 minutes.

Our booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," contains 49 other combinations. It is FREE. Address Department A.W.—12

National Kraut Packers Association
Clyde, Ohio

MERCOLIZED WAX

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolized Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax melts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It clears away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. Mercolized Wax brings out the youthful, smooth, white underskin, glow with new life and beauty.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily as an astringent

IDEAL GIFTS FOR PIPE SMOKERS

"Locktite" PATENT

TOBACCO POUCH with Humidizer

$3.00 to $5.00

Fine leathers, rich silks. Smart colors—solid or stripes.

Get one—wherever smoker's articles are sold.

LOCKTITE CO., Inc.
Gloversville, N.Y.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE POUCH

Unique $1 GIFT with MILLION DOLLAR Welcome

Avoid Christmas crowds! Be the popular, thoughtful giver with APLETS—enchantingly different confections—made from golden juice of Wonderful Fruits. California walnuts, refrigerator flavors. Sent to any gift shipped in Queen Mary Prince of Wales' mint effects. Gift packages 1, 2, 3, 5 lbs., $1.00. Prompt delivery guaranteed. Send name, name order or check. Shipped day order received — delivery anywhere in U. S. in 3 days or less. Will enclose your gift card or message if requested. Be popular Christmas morning—send Ait now. Liberal exclusive to... Dept. AW, Cashmere, Wn.

APLETS

Good Time

By James Wedgwood Drawbell

(Continued from Page 36)

ened her. She tightened herself against his insistence.

"There's no need for me to prove anything," she said quietly. "You should know me by this time. But I don't want to work for you any more. And for some reason you're trying to be a brute to me."

He released her hand, and turned away from her.

"The boat train goes after breakfast. You'll be on it!"

"I don't think so, Peter."

"But I know you will!"

She said, with a new idea in her mind: "I'll tell you definitely in two hours' time."

He wheeled round.

"In two hours?"

"After lunch."

"You're lunching with Tony."

"How did you know?"

"I guessed."

"Well, after lunch I'll tell you."

"That won't leave you much time to get ready."

"Perhaps I won't want to get ready."

It seemed like a challenge to him.

"You're going with me to New York," he said determinedly.

"You are my secretary until the first of September, and I'm going to see that you carry out your duties. You can get that straight now, Peggy. You're going!"

"After lunch," she answered slowly, "I'll let you know."

"I'm frightfully sorry," Tony's voice said on the telephone. "Frightfully sorry, Peggy. I'd love to. But I'm booked for lunch today."

She said: "Put it off, Tony."

"My dear," he laughed. "It's not so easy."

"For me, Tony! Please!"

"I can't. Not this lunch."

"Is it so very important?"

"It is, rather."

In spite of herself, she said: "A woman, I suppose."

"Darling!" His voice was a drawled protest. "They don't allow you to say these things on the telephone."

"Oh, Tony," she pleaded. "Don't fool. I'm terribly in earnest."

"So am I."

"And I do so want to see you at lunch."

"I want to see you, too. But I'm afraid it can't be done."

"It's dreadfully important, Tony."

"But so is my engagement. That's what I'm trying to tell you."

He sounded faintly impatient. "More important than I am, Tony?"

"Darling, don't be absurd."

"Then put it off."

"But it's important in a different kind of way."

"What kind of way?"

"Well, it's a sort of farewell lunch. I'm seeing some people who are going abroad. I won't see them again for ages."

"Oh."

"I can hardly call that off, Peggy. Can I?"

"I suppose not."

"You see, I can have lunch with you any day. Tomorrow, perhaps. What d'you say? Shall we make it tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow—" She tapped the base of the telephone with her finger tips. "Tomorrow."

"That's the idea, darling. We'll make it tomorrow."

"Tony, suppose I was going abroad."

He laughed.

"Child! Don't suppose any such rot."

"But just suppose."

"I can't."

"And I wanted you to have lunch with me. Would you?"

"Peggy, is this a new game?" His voice was definitely impatient. "Because I don't like it very much."

"No, it's not a game, Tony. I'm just wondering. I'm feeling a bit mopey today, and I did want to see you. Badly. I wanted to talk to you about Julie, and all kinds of things."

His voice softened.

"I did, too."

"And about you and me, Tony?"

"You and me? What did you want to—of *course*, darling. We've so much to talk about. But it can't be done today. Not with this lunch that I've got to tackle."

"Not even if I am going abroad, Tony?"

"You're not going abroad."

"You feel that definitely?"

"Of course I do."

"Something doesn't tell you that there's just the slightest chance of my going away."

"It doesn't!"

"That's comforting."

"In fact, I've felt all this morning that you're very decidedly going to be right here in London."

"Tony," she pleaded again, "please put off this lunch today."

"Be reasonable, Peggy."

"I'm really serious. I want you to."

"But I can't."

"For me?"

"Even for you, Peggy."

"It's impossible?"

"Quite impossible."

"Even if I were going away?"

"Yes," he said seriously, "even if you were going away."

"Oh, Tony!"

Her fingers fumbled with the receiver.

She heard him say: "Now, darling, about tomorrow . . ."

And that was all. The receiver slipped out of Peggy's hand. She leaned her head against her arms on the table, and in the ear-piece of the instrument Tony's voice muttered a metallic monologue.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann.

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY.
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Oatmeal, Graham Muffins, Creamed Salt Pork, Coffee. *Luncheon* Baked Bean Casserole, Brown Bread Sandwiches, Cabbage Salad, Tea. *Dinner* Italian Mutton, Buttered Winter Squash, String Beans, Chiffonade Lettuce Savory Dressing, Baked Bananas with Cranberry Sauce.	Fruit, Whole Wheat Cereal, Toast, Poached Eggs, Coffee. *Luncheon* Baked Macaroni and Tomatoes, Bran Nut Muffins, Lemon Snow, Tea. *Dinner* Stuffed Flank Steak, Baked Potatoes, Creamed Cauliflower, Orange and Pear Salad, Wafers.	Fruit, Cereal, Sausage Balls, Potato Biscuits, Coffee. *Luncheon* Scalloped Left-Over Vegetables, Rye Bread, Waldorf Salad, Chocolate Milkshake or Cocoa. *Dinner* American Chop Suey, Spinach Rice, Jellied Cabbage Relish, Pineapple Shortcake.	Fruit, Baked Bacon and Eggs, Corn Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Puree of Split Peas, Toasted Corn Muffins, Baked Apples, Tea. *Dinner* Beef a la Mode en Italian Spaghetti, Emergency Green Salad, Apricot Tapioca.	Fruit, Codfish Cakes, Creamed Potatoes, Golden Corn Bread, Coffee. *Luncheon* Bacon and Potato Salad (Garnish of Tomato Jelly), Rolls, Apple Betty, Tea. *Dinner* Calf's Liver and Bacon, Buttered Beet Greens, Paprika Potatoes au Noodles, Chocolate Raisin Bread	Fruit, Fluffy Omelet, Rolls, Coffee. *Luncheon* Cape Cod Clam Chowder, Crackers, Fruit Salad, Half Cups Coffee, *Dinner* Casserole of Ham and Potatoes, Buttered Cabbage or Cauliflower, Spiced Beets, Gingerbread with Foamy Sauce.	Fruit, Cereal, Toast, Marmalade, Coffee. *Dinner* Shepherd's Pie, Buttered Beets, Creamed Celery, Fruit Trifle. *Supper (Company)* Broiled Sweetbreads and Pineapple with Mushroom Sauce, Biscuits, Chicory Salad, French Dressing, Chocolate Parfait, Hot Fruit Punch.

American Weekly Patterns

A PRACTICAL, COMFORTABLE APRON (7369). Designed in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in length. Size 20 if made as shown in the large view will require 1¼ yards of plain material 32 inches wide for the dress and ¼ yard of contrasting material. If made with short sleeves and without contrast, it will require 1⅛ yards 32 inches wide. If made without sleeves and without facings it will require ⅞ yard. The sleeve puffs will require ⅜ yard.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL FOR MATURE FIGURES WITH SLENDER HIPS (7380). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 44 will require 5⅞ yards of 39-inch material. The collar of contrasting material requires ⅛ yard. For jabot and sleeve flares of lace, ⅞ yard 9 inches wide is required.

A PLEASING FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL (7386). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 2 yards of checked or other material for the dress and sleeves, and ½ yard of contrasting material for collar, cuffs, belt and pocket flaps. If made with sleeves and pocket flaps, ¾ yards of 35-inch material.

A STYLISH FROCK FOR JUNIORS (7382). Designed in 4 sizes: 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 13 will require 3¾ yards of 39-inch material and ½ yard for facing revers, collar and belt, with contrasting material if made with long sleeves.

GIRL'S DRESS WITH PANTIES (7391). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 if made with long sleeves requires 2 yards of 35-inch material. For contrasting material, ¼ yard is required. If made with puff sleeves, 2½ yards, together with ¼ yard of contrasting material, is required. Bow of narrow ribbon requires ½ yard.

GIRL'S DRESS (7099). Designed in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 1⅞ yards of 39-inch dotted or other patterned material for the waist portions and 1½ yards of plain material for skirt portions, collar and cuffs, for a 12-year size.

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Peanut Butter Loaf.

PRESS 1 cup cooked dried beans through ricer or food press. Mix with ½ cup peanut butter, 1 cup fine bread crumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Shape into a loaf, place in a greased pan and bake about 2 hours, basting with melted butter and hot water.

Corned Beef Hash with Vegetables.

CUT 1½ cups cold corned beef into small pieces. Add 2½ cups diced cooked potatoes, 1 cup diced cooked turnips, 1 tablespoon chopped onion and ½ cup diced cooked carrots and ½ cup water or stock. Melt 3 tablespoons fat in frying pan, add the hash and cook until well browned. Serve hot with a garnish of crisp sprigs of parsley.

Peanut Loaf.

MIX 1 cup chopped peanuts, 2 cups fine bread crumbs, 1 slightly beaten egg, 1 cup milk, ½ tablespoon salt, a few grains pepper and a few grains paprika. Put into a buttered loaf pan and pour 1 tablespoon melted butter over the loaf. Bake in a moderate oven, turn out on hot platter, garnish with parsley and serve with sauce for peanut loaf.

Sauce for Peanut Loaf.

MELT 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour, a few grains salt and a few grains pepper. Blend well and add 1 cup hot water in which 1 bouillon cube has been dissolved. Stir until smooth and creamy. Just before serving add the juice of 1 lemon.

Honey Pudding.

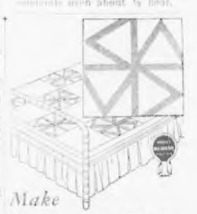
MIX 6 ounces graham bread crumbs, ½ cup honey, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon ginger, the rind of ½ lemon and 2 egg yolks. Mix thoroughly, add 2 tablespoons melted butter and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Turn into a buttered pudding mold, having the mold not more than ¾ full, and steam about 2 hours. Serve with or without cream.

Scalloped Salmon.

MELT 1½ tablespoons butter, add 2½ tablespoons flour and a few grains pepper, blend well. Add 1 cup milk and stir until smooth and creamy and then add 1 cup milk mixed with 1 beaten egg. Stir until egg is cooked. Season to taste with salt. Butter a baking dish. Fill with alternate layers of flaked salmon and the milk dressing. The top layer should be the dressing. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs and bake ½ hour in a moderate oven.

Tamale Pie.

STIR 2 cups corn meal and 1 tablespoon salt into 6 cups boiling water. Stir until creamy. Cook over hot water for 1 hour, stirring frequently. Brown 1 pound of lean beef cut into small pieces in 2 tablespoons fat, add 1 pound hamburger steak and one small red color dried pepper. Add 2 cups strained tomato pulp, a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Grease a baking dish, put in a layer of corn meal mixture, then a layer of the meat and cover with the corn meal mixture. Bake in a moderate oven about ½ hour.



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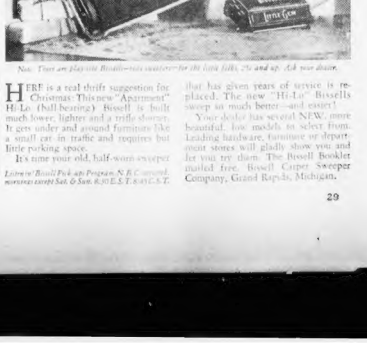

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Mr. Rockne was proud of his work here and of the responsibilities we had entrusted to him. With characteristic energy, he brought to Studebaker the keen mind, the magnetic personality and the indomitable persistence which had won him such high place in football.

It seems to me highly fitting that the finest qualities of Knute Rockne the man should be so brilliantly reflected and recalled by the stamina, sparkle and speed of the Rockne Six. It is a source of great pride to us and to his family that the Rockne Six will worthily honor his name and perpetuate his memory.

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